JOHN BULL, APRIL 23, 1927 Vol. XLI. No. 1068

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world, 1d.

Overcome Nerve Pains

AND NEURASTHENIA

The great misery of Neurasthenia is that the sufferer believes that nothing can do him any good. This is folly, which only intensifies the suffering. What is needed is plain food, exercise,

and, above all, the building-up of depleted nerve cells!

In Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the restoratives essential in the treatment of neurasthenia. Blood nutrients and hypophosphites are there to build up depleted nerve cells, whilst valuable stomachics quieten the pangs of indigestion. Nerve pains cannot be effectively corrected by any "immediate" relief. They can be masked by harmful drugs, but the trouble will return—and in a worse form. Only a proved treatment, such as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, can get to the root of the trouble and remove the cause.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

INVALUABLE IN ALL CASES OF

NEURASTHENIA · OVERSTRAIN · SLEEPLESSNESS · STOMACH DISORDERS · CHILDREN'S WEAKNESS · BREAKDOWN · NEURITIS · MALNUTRITION · ANÆMIA · WASTING · HYSTERIA · NERVE FATIGUE · BRAIN FAG · INDIGESTION · PALPITATION · KIDNEY WEAKNESS

Of all Chemists **1/3** Family Size, 3/-

START WITH TWO TONIGHT—THEN YOU'LL SOON BE RIGHT

All trade advertisements are guaranteed.

Readers need never hesitate to write for particulars of goods offered in our columns, because in the unlikely event of any dissatisfaction, either the advertiser or "John Bull" will put the matter right.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

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Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency Invited

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R	E	N	T		W	E	N	D		S	T	E	R	E

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle puzzle in our last issue.

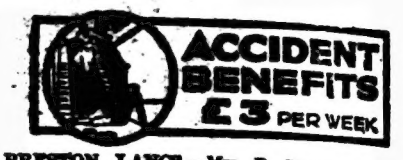
This week's puzzle is on page 35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT.

140 MORE CHEQUES *for Registered Readers*

MANCHESTER.—Mr. F. Clegg, 39, Thomson Street, Ardwick.
STEEPLE MORDEN, Nr. ROYSTON, HERTS.—Mr. D. Manser.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. A. E. Reeves, Ambra Gate House, Ambra Vale, Cliftonwood.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. M. Elmer, 15, Edmund Street.
WALTHAMSTOW, E. 17.—Mr. F. G. Morris, 82, St. Andrews Road, Higham Hill.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. Edwards, 67, Lambeth Road, Kirkdale.
TOLLESHUNT D'ARCY, Nr. MALDON, ESSEX.—Mrs. J. Beadell, Ivy Cottage.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. A. E. Bannister, 71, Bowfield Road, Firth Park.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. Harvey, 1, Francis Place, Devonshire Street, Hockley.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. B. Pollock, 6, Mill Road, Halfway, Cambuslang.
OLDHAM, LANCS.—Mrs. S. A. Hall, 7, Prospect Road.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mr. T. Holmes, 87, New Camden Street.
BLACKRIDGE, WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. S. Stockman, West End.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, 10/3, Scotland Street.
WISHAW, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. R. McNeil, 143½, Stewarton Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. J. McNaught, 12, Cobden Street, Townhead.
CHATHAM, KENT.—Mrs. E. M. Easdown, 9, Chatham Hill.
BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS.—Mr. A. L. Lawes, 15, Grantham Road.
THORNTON HEATH.—Miss G. Cooper, 55, Mersham Road.
BARNOLDSWICK, COLNE.—Mr. J. Makinson, 127, Gisburn Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. Woodhead, 14, Lewis Place, Oldfield Lane, Wortley.
BEVERLEY, E. YORKS.—Mrs. E. Worsfold, 13, St. Mary's Terrace.
AMMANFORD, CARM.—Mr. A. P. Check, 12, Walters Road.
NANTWICH, CHESHIRE.—Mr. J. Heath, 128, Hospital Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. Mitchell, 36, Duncan Road, Crookes.

FINCHLEY, N.3.—Mrs. C. N. Humphreys, 255, Squires Lane, Church End.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mr. A. Sharman, 201, Peel Street, Lower Tranmere.
MIRFIELD, YORKS.—Mrs. A. Bottomley, 11, Wilson Avenue, Nettleton Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. S. Robertson, 259, Union Grove.
BRECHIN, FORFARSHIRE.—Mrs. W. Lockhart, 48, Bridge Street.
WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. C. H. Isbatt, 81, Lincoln Street.
LLANDOVERY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—Mrs. C. H. Cooper, Blaenos.
DONCASTER, YORKS.—Mr. A. Reed, 13, Finch Road, Springwell Lane, Balby.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. H. H. Pickett, 7, Victory Crescent, Millbrook.
BURY, HUNTS.—Mrs. A. Bishop, Church Hill.
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD, NOTTS.—Mr. C. E. Hodgson, 33, Regent Street.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. C. Whittaker, 98, Hilburn Road.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. C. Jacques, 57, Herbert Street, Mexboro.
WILLINGTON, CO. DURHAM. — Mrs. H. Cockerill, 2, Belle Vue Terrace.
EDMONDSLEY, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. A. Herron, 4, Beechgrove Terrace, Blackhouse.
PELTON, S.O., CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. Fuge, 41, Orchard Street.
BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Mrs. H. Cummings, 3, Laburnum Road.
CROOK, DURHAM.—Mr. T. Fletcher, 10, Welsh Row.
JARROW, DURHAM.—Mr. R. Salkeld, 11, George Street.
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.—Mr. J. Martin, 16, Cellier Hill Terrace, Grasswell.
DENABY MAIN, Nr. ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mr. A. Collindridge, 8, Strafforth Terrace.
JARROW, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. A. J. Evans, 19, St. Paul's Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Geo. Dickinson, 75, Clifton Street, Carbrook.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Mrs. Ralph McGregor, 52, Garden City Villas.
BRITISH TALYWAIN, Nr. PONTYPOOL.—Mr. A. Mages, Barracks Farm.
BRADFORD.—Mr. A. Terry, 10, Round Street, West Bowling.



PRESTON, LANCS.—Mrs. B. Farnworth, 44, St. Mark's Road.
FARNBOROUGH, Nr. BATH.—Mr. Hugh Docherty, Butchers' Arms.
CHAPELTHORPE, Nr. WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. M. E. Scarghill, 21, Council Houses, Hall Green Lane.
HARROGATE.—Mrs. A. E. Birdsall, 21, Russell Street, Oatlands.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. L. Franklin, 56, Butler Street, Moss Side.
HOLLY BUSH, MON.—Mrs. A. Burchell, 5, Glen View.
BULWELL, NOTTS.—Mrs. M. Fennell, 113, Cinderhill Road.
HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. H. M. Cornforth, 145, Durham Street.
BELFAST.—Mrs. E. H. Wilson, 26, Edinburgh Street.
DARLASTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. H. Yates, 42, Bilston Street.
MID-CALDER, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. Inglis, 8, Dean Street, Livingstone Station.
CHESTER.—Mrs. M. Brierley, 23, Old Crane Bank.
LOWER TRANMERE, Nr. BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. M. Wilcocks, 18, Park Road.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. M. E. Wellsbury, 46, Friar Street.
BARNSTAPLE.—Mrs. E. Bennett, 3, Albert Villas.
WIDNES, LANCS.—Mrs. S. Dalton, 39, Belvoir Road.
EARLS BARTON, NORTHANTS.—Mrs. C. Waples, 4, Prince Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. S. A. Rayner, 3, New Cambridge Street, Derby Street, Salford.
WALTHAMSTOW, E. 17.—Mr. W. Pickering, 16, Grange Road.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mr. D. Smith, 23, Bury Old Road.
WREXHAM.—Mrs. A. Morris, Station House, Legacy.
CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—Mrs. L. Sharp, 34, Ashfield Road.
TARPORLEY, CHESHIRE. — Mrs. A. M. Noscross, Ash Hill.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Many names omitted owing to lack of space.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

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Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/4/27.

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HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/4/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

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J. W. DAW
2/6
'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL
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Write on line below name or initials you desire engraved on Pen.
YOUR NAME ENGRAVED FREE!

As a Special Easter Gift, in addition to presenting a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pen-il with each 5/- "John Bull" Pen, we will ENGRAVE YOUR NAME IN GOLD ON THE PEN FREE. This Special Easter Offer is open until April 28th ONLY.

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED.

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TO KNOW
WHICH
CIGARETTES
are
"always
fresh!"

P.S. I always smoke WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THEY NEVER HAVE TIME TO GET STALE

G.A.F.36W

DO NOT WAIT

for illness to overtake you,

—be prepared for it, and know how to treat it—learn the symptoms and save pounds in doctor's fees.

The BOOKS mentioned below should be in every household—they are worth untold gold, each book packed with medical knowledge which should be in everyone's possession.

SEND FOR ANY ONE BOOK that deals with your trouble and it will be sent **FREE** and privately packed if 4 penny stamps are enclosed for postage. This "free" offer applies only to new clients.

These books are sold at the prices named opposite to each, and deal with symptoms, causes, prevention and cure of the ailments mentioned therein. If more than one book is desired enclose P.O. to the value of the published prices, giving titles of Volumes required and the reference numbers.

Reference No.	Title and Contents.	Author.	Pages.	Pub. Price.
V.M.32	**THE MIND OF A WOMAN** .. .. .. In Olden Times. The Physical Basis of Mind. Comparison of the Sexes. Special Characteristics. Woman—the coming man?	A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. ..	120	3/-
A.186	**DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN** .. Including adenoids, amenorrhœa, asthma, bronchitis, change of life, colds, coughs, croup, diphtheria, dysmenorrhœa, ear troubles, leucorrhœa, nasal catarrh, rickets, sore throat, tonsilitis, whooping cough, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
V.M.23	**TUBERCULOSIS** .. .. The Tubercle Bacillus, Prevalence, Mortality, Immunity, Avoidance, Detection, Symptoms.	CLIVE RIVIERE, M.D., F.R.C.P.	127	2/6
A.187	**DISEASES OF STOMACH, BOWELS AND NUTRITIONAL ORGANS** Including hints on acidity, appendicitis, biliousness, colitis, diarrhœa, dyspepsia, gastritis, indigestion, worms, liver troubles and constipation; also the treatment of diseases in dogs, pigeons and poultry.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
V.M.18	**THE CARE OF THE BODY** .. .. Sleep, baths, exercise, training, athletics, fatigue, massage, clothing, the skin, the hair, the teeth, the feet and hands, the eyes, ears and nose, habit.	FRANCIS CAVANAGH, M.D.	151	2/6
A.188	**DISEASES OF HEART, VEINS AND NERVES** Such as alcoholism, arterio-sclerosis, convulsions, diabetes, dipsomania, dropsy, paralysis, drunkenness, neuralgia, neurasthenia, neuritis, sleeplessness, piles, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch..	92	2/6
V.M.1	**THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD** .. .. Birth, mental development, weight, teeth, hand feeding, breast feeding, patent foods, diet, constipation, diarrhœa, washing, clothing, mouth breathing, infectious diseases, training.	A. HILTON, M.D. ..	111	2/-
A.189	**DISEASES OF BLOOD, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER** Such as abscess, anæmia, acne, gout, backache, chilblains, goitre, rheumatism, sciatica, malaria, paralysis, piles, proctatitis, cystitis, stricture, ulcers, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
V.M.31	**HOW TO KEEP WELL** .. .. .. What is health, raw fruit diet, milk, exercise, clothes, baths, teeth, hygiene.	CECIL WEBB-JOHNSON, M.B., Ch.B.	72	2/-
A.192	**DISEASES OF EYE, HAIR AND SKIN** .. With hints on drug taking, alopecia, eczema, freckles, hair dyes, itching, psoriasis, ringworm, scurf, superfluous hairs, wrinkles, baldness, corns, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
V.M.34	**GOOD HEALTH AND LONG LIFE** .. Diet, mastication, alcohol, tobacco, tea, mind and body, blood pressure, constipation, dress, deep breathing, sleep, rejuvenescence.	CECIL WEBB-JOHNSON, M.B., Ch.B.	132	3/6
A.190	**THE PROBLEM OF DISEASE** .. .. With notes on how we resist disease, self-preservation, the endowment of motherhood, how pain assists us, compensation in life, hygiene of mind, prohibition, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
A.208	**DRUGS AND THE DRUG HABIT** .. .. The history of drugs, dangers of drug taking, uses and abuses of drugs, hints on treatment. (Ready JUNE.)	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	92	2/6
A.209	**THE "ROAD TO HEALTH" PRESCRIPTION BOOK** Contains more than 1,300 prescriptions with an exhaustive index of the diseases for which they are useful.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	128	2/6
A.9	**THE WEALTH OF HEALTH** .. .. Mainly consisting of a list of household remedies prescribed by physicians for life's lesser but troublesome ailments, together with hints upon home treatment.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	336	2/6
A.207	**"SECRET PHARMACY"** .. .. .. A review of pharmacy in the world, with Analyst's reports and suggestions regarding many specialities.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	192	2/6
A.79/3	**HEALTH NEWS ANNUAL—Vol. 3** .. (1923–24). Brain workers' indigestion, comedones, cretinism, eclampsia, eye troubles, gastro-dynia, housemaid's knee, myxœdema, nervous vomiting, thrush, warts, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	192	2/6
A.79/4	**HEALTH NEWS ANNUAL—Vol. 4** .. (1924–25). Antiseptics, blood pressure, depression, dysentery, emetics, enuresis, hoarseness, infant mortality, lymphatic glands, phlebitis, wry neck.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	192	2/6
A.79/5	**HEALTH NEWS ANNUAL—Vol. 5** .. (1925–26.) Air and food, analgesic balsam, auto-intoxication, confections, faith healing, fig jelly, gall stones, jaundice, purgatives, sun tan, tattoo marks, uræmia, etc.	W. SHADFORTH, Ph.Ch...	192	2/6

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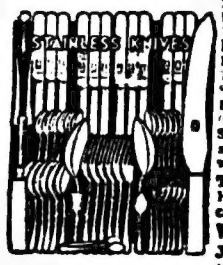
SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 6 Table Spoons 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Tea Spoons 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. 50 pieces 50/-

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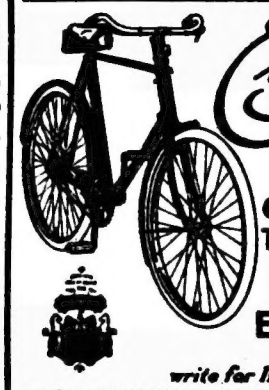

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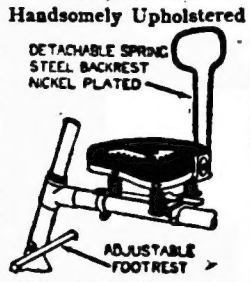
Handsomely Upholstered Seat, mounted on special Flat Steel Springs. Spring Steel N.P. Back Rest and Adjustable Foot Rest. Saddle can be instantly removed when not required.



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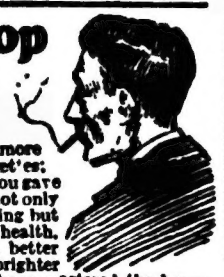

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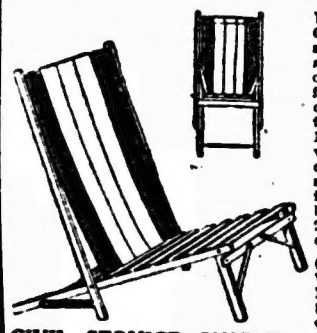

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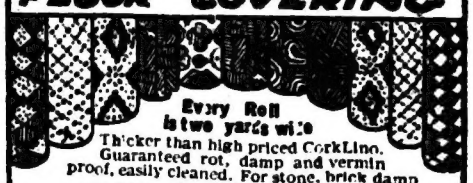

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(Continued from page 29).

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(Continued on page 36.)

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1674	"WHILE THE SAHARA SLEEPS" (Hi-Diddle-Diddle)	Fox Trot
1624	"GOOD NIGHT; I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING" (Say It Again)	Fox Trot
1636	"AM I WASTING MY TIME ON YOU?" (My Cutey's Due at Two-to-Two To-day)	Fox Trot
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1648	"WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOBBIN' ALONG" (What Good is "Good Morning"?)	Tenor Solo
1681	"WHILE THE SAHARA SLEEPS" (Way Down Home) Song by John Thorpe	
1622	"GOOD NIGHT; I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING" (I Don't Care Why You Used To Be, I Know What You Are To-day) Song by Dick Henderson	
1649	"AM I WASTING MY TIME ON YOU?" (I Wish I Had My Old Girl Back Again) Song by John Thorpe	
1608	"JUST A COTTAGE SMALL" (At Peace with the World)	Tenor Solo
1567	"PAL OF MY CRADLE DAYS" (Forbidden) Song by Dick Henderson	
	VOCAL DUETS.	
1657	"ANY ICE TO-DAY, LADY?" (Ha Ha, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!) Song by Hare and Jones	
1630	"SO IS YOUR OLD LADY" (The Pump Song) Song by Hare and Jones	
	BAND RECORDS.	
1595	"KING COTTON" (Pomp and Circumstance)	March (Sousa)
1603	"BLAZE AWAY" (The Bullfighters)	March (Holzmann)
	BELL SOLO.	
1131	"BONNIE HEATHER JIG" (Bixby Rose) Played by Billy Whitlock	

The titles shown in brackets appear on the reverse side of the Records.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

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Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Ministers' Easter.

For Governments every Recess should be a Recessional. During the present Recess Ministers had better spend in prayer, with a view to penitence for their rake's progress.

Really Scared.

A Trade Union Bill repugnant to the Parties which together represent a majority of the electors was followed by a Budget without a trace of substantial economy. No wonder a good many of the Government's supporters show panic!

Who's Right?

Exuberant Ministers describe the Trade Union Bill as "a charter of liberty for the working-man." The "charter" must be very badly drawn up when it is possible for an ex-Solicitor-General to call it "a re-enactment of serfdom."

The Gathering Storm.

A declaration of class war is what the trade unionists in the House of Commons call the Bill. That it is likely to generate revolt, foment industrial unrest and create social mistrust, is also alleged. In our opinion, it is stupidity.

Churchill's Conjuring.

Winston's Budget certainly robbed future Chancellors' hen-roosts. As to next year, why should he worry? Either trade and revenue will go up—or this Government will go out.

The Blind Eye.

Churchill is quite wrong in saying that to cut down the fighting Services by £15,000,000 or £20,000,000 would probably create panic. It's the most promising way to produce peace.

How to Save £15,000,000.

The Admiralty is to spend this year £10,000,000 on new construction and £5,000,000 on reconstruction. In reality other Powers are so far behind with their shipbuilding programmes that the Admiralty could without risk take a year's "naval holiday" on their own.

At Bursting Point.

The time is rapidly approaching when the nation must face up to its financial situation. We are now taxed beyond capacity, as is proved by the income-tax yielding £20,000,000 less than estimated. What isn't earned can't be paid.

It is Obvious.

In nine weeks we have spent £900,000 in protecting 9,000 persons at Shanghai. After that no one can grudge a bit more expenditure on the League of Nations which is working to make millions of people safe from attack for all time.

The Indictment.

Good plain meals given to Nottingham miners' kiddies during the coal stoppage resulted in better health than when their fathers are at work. When normal times mean lessened physique there's something sadly wrong.

"Temporary Insanity."

James Munn Hargest, of Magor, went mad, killed his wife, and then hanged himself. He was a small grocer ruined by the coal stoppage. The price of that colossal blunder is being paid in blood more than money.

Two Are Taken.

At the Geevor Mine, St. Just, near Penzance, two miners have been killed by a fall of ground. The price of men on the coal is heavy, whether wages are or not.

Same Old Game.

Protectionists are still hammering away at their idol, this time under the guise of "safeguarding" woollen goods. Putting the tariff on means taxing the clothes off—the backs of poor folk.

Eggs.

Eleven million, two hundred and three thousand eggs came into this country from Holland the week before Easter. Why not produce a few more million in this country? It would be easy enough if the land were freed.

What D'you Lack?

There's a threat of extinction to the London costermonger, but it must not materialise. There are plenty of pitches. Besides, bright barrows lighten dull streets.

JOHN BULL

WEDNESDAY NEXT WEEK.

DON'T forget that JOHN BULL which, owing to the Easter Holidays, is on sale on Thursday this week only, will be on sale as usual on Wednesday next week, and on

EVERY WEDNESDAY

in future. Remember to get your copy of JOHN BULL next week on

WEDNESDAY.

Old and Faithful.

The Bill prohibiting the exportation of aged and worn-out horses must become law. It is a pity all men and women cannot see what goes on. If they could, they would demand a Government measure, and see that they got it.

The Way Out.

If night work must be done it should be done by adults. Factory inspectors have long remarked its bad effects on the young. Industry needs to readjust its methods and machinery.

It's Not Right.

Young persons to the number of 93,168 work underground, of whom 35,338 are under sixteen. The surplus labour in the coal-fields would disappear if the school age were raised.

Stop the Rot.

Rates are rapidly reaching an impossible figure. Take Merthyr, where, unless the disaster is staved off by big borrowings, they will mount to £1 10s.6½d. in the pound. The whole system of such finance is mad and calls for drastic alteration.

House-Starved.

"It is impossible," says the medical officer of health for Reading, "to find a working-class house to let in the borough," and over 1,200 applicants still want homes. Patience pushed too far becomes a menace.

Wicked Waste.

Hothouse strawberries in London are selling at from 20s. to 40s. per pound. Those who eat them ought to be compelled to live on nothing else for a few months.

Piling Up.

London County Council tramways are in debt to the tune of £9,111,699. That tramcars don't pay is one more nail in their coffin. As a means of conveyance in these days of quick transport they are a nuisance.

Cook and the Apples.

The High Commissioner for Australia struck a welcome note in making East Ham children gifts of fruit. Every kiddie ought to have an apple a day to keep the doctor away. That's why fruit should be cheaper.

Breathing Room.

Merton and Morden, through its District Council, has acquired Cannon Hill Common. Over fifty acres in extent, it is now open to the public as an unenclosed space. That's the sort of transaction of which we want to see more.

Good Business.

Through the generosity of Mr. Melville Wills, Bristol boasts a Dockland Settlement Club for working lads. That's the right stuff. It's useless expecting boys to behave if they have nowhere to go or play.

Where England Scores.

Because of improved methods, both in machinery and wrappings for sweets destined for abroad, English confectionery is leading the world. In other words, when you study conditions and meet them you get the trade.

Proof Positive.

The respective ages of inmates who have recently died in Bourne Workhouse are 93, 88, 86, 84, 82, 79 and 72. There's only one inference. When food and warmth and freedom from worry are secured a ripe old age can be reached.

Inconsistency.

In order that a little furry animal, preserved for the purpose, may be torn to bloody fragments in front of a yelling crowd, £7,500,000 is spent annually upon fox-hunting in this country. But if one person set one dog to tear up an animal for nothing he'd be jailed for it!

It Isn't Just.

Hundreds of thousands of young people of fourteen and upwards—working in cinemas and shops, or as hall boys, van boys, messengers, or ships' boiler cleaners—come under no industrial regulation. Those new factory Acts are needed. By whose orders is the Government hanging fire?

Secret Worth Knowing.

In these days when farmers are not apt to boast about being prosperous, it is something of an achievement for the Doncaster guardians to have made a profit of £690 from a small farm staffed by workhouse inmates. Will they not let other boroughs into their secret?

Dirty Dairyman.

For failing to keep his cart, his clothing and his bottles clean, Ernest Sperring, a dairyman, of Arabella Street, was fined 40s. under the new milk laws, at Cardiff. We cannot but be glad that here the fact that cleanliness is never nearer godliness than where milk is concerned is appreciated.

One of the Breed.

Although over sixty, Councillor Smith, of Gloucester, did not hesitate to negotiate a high barbed-wire fence and wade out waist deep into the river to save a three-year-old child who was in danger of being carried away by the current. A man so mentally and physically alert proves his right to be among those in authority.

Blood on the Coal.

Facts and figures relating to mining accidents absolutely condemn the eight-hour day. In the few years the Seven Hours Act was in force fatal accidents were fewer by 260, and non-fatal by 500, a year, the last tired hour of the working-day being the most prolific of injury to life and limb. The Eight Hours Act must go.

Down-and-out Doctors.

"A number of medical men, aged between fifty and sixty-five, who went to the war and lost their practices, have not been able to do anything since," declared Dr. G. N. Pitt at the annual meeting of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund. War claims its victims from all classes alike. But the men who did most to mitigate its horrors deserve something better than this.

The Human Touch.

The latest benefaction of Mr. Bernhard Baron, of Hove, is to establish in Queen's Park a new convalescent home for his women employees. It stands in lovely grounds, and is beautifully fitted up. The idea of considering a firm "as a family," all to have the care they need, is a sound one. It is the human touch that tells throughout, and the only one capable of making industry run smoothly.

More Grasp.

Married soldiers living out in the towns of Aldershot and Farnborough have every right to protest against paying exorbitant rents because accommodation is hard to get. A sergeant-major was charged 35s. a week for a furniture loft with no fireplace or light. A landlord should be ashamed to ask a price that should secure decent rooms for what he knows can hardly be termed a makeshift.

Lucky Luton.

The best of all reasons prevents juvenile unemployment at Luton. The town has so many industries to occupy boys and girls leaving school that applications for youths have to be made outside the town by one engineering firm. We are glad to see that the hat-making industry absorbs most of the young working girls. The more such trades are encouraged and kept up, the better for England.

A Real Father.

"I did not feel any pain. I was too excited," said Mr. Gobel, of Tower Bridge Road, Bermondsey, who was badly burned after dashing up a blazing staircase to the third floor to reach his two children, whom he handed to safety through a window. A man who can do this and go back a second time under the impression that another child was still in the burning house, has plenty of courage, and is a father of whom children may well be proud.

Empty Fears.

Rural deans are at times more funny than they realise, as, for instance, the Rev. W. E. Elliott Bradley, who has dangled the bogey that the British Empire may share the fate of the Roman, if members of the Keswick Club play golf on Sundays. The majority's vote shows that members do not share the dean's fears. Healthy recreation has never yet made men or women heathens.

No Friction Here.

Mr. Mathieson, though eighty-four, as chairman of Clarnico Confectionery, Ltd., marches ahead of the times. Two thousand employees lately received a bonus equivalent to eight weeks' wages, or 15½ per cent., under the firm's yearly profit-sharing scheme. There would be less friction if other firms allowed employees to share in the prosperity they help to create.

Fine Pluck.

Little Wilfred Wade, fourteen, of Bown Street, was enjoying a football match at Blackburn, when a wandering babe fell into the canal and was drowning. Hesitating not a second, he leaped into icy cold water, and saved the little one's life, and, without saying a word about it, changed into dry clothes and went to the pictures. Modesty was ever a characteristic of real heroes.

A Hoxton Saint.

Mrs. Cottrell was eighty-six when she died in her Hoxton home, where, in the first days of the mission work of General Booth, she sheltered and found work for many a homeless lassie. The first to wear the Salvation Army bonnet, it was largely her work that started the world-wide society. Though blind for years, it was said her door was never bolted. Nor had she any need, for she was rich in the treasure that cannot be stolen and that millionaires might envy.

The Human Machine

The Winning Card

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE game of Life is not very different from the game of cards. It rarely pays to disclose your hand too soon. It is just as well to keep an ace or two "up your sleeve"!

There are times, of course, when it does pay to put all your cards on the table—but not often.

Mostly it is very comforting to feel that there are reserves on which you can draw if necessary.

I am not thinking so much of the other man when I advise you to keep an ace up your sleeve. I am thinking of it from your point of view.

To know that you have still another card to play if the others go wrong will give you confidence—and confidence is the master card in this game.

The man who wins in the game of Life is the man who can pull out one more idea, one more suggestion, one more bit of "kick" when everything seems to be at a standstill.

SO few people have any real ideas at all that the man who has is bound to get there—if he only uses them.

There is one thing many people overlook. It is good to hold good cards: it is, as I say, useful to keep an ace up your sleeve: but it is all of no use unless you know very clearly what cards you do hold, and what they are worth.

And to know what your hand is worth you must know not only the good cards, but the bad ones as well.

You must know your powers—and you must know your limitations.

The great thing is that once you know your limitations you can proceed to turn them into powers if you try hard enough.

Worth It.

Those who complain of their laundry bills should take comfort by the thought that they are helping to pay laundry workers a decent wage. In 1913, the average wage for women workers was 13s. a week for fifty to sixty hours. Now girls of eighteen get 7d. an hour with overtime after forty-eight hours. Who but the veriest slave-driver would want them to go back?

Asking for Trouble.

Two Cardiff girls of only seventeen—Eileen Green and Nellie Jones—came home from a dance to find they were locked out. With their young man escort they spent the night in a railway carriage in a siding, and were fined 5s. each. We should like to remind the fathers of these girls that they are going the right way to get their daughters into trouble by shutting them out of the one place that should always be open to them.

Well Earned.

Margaret Bateson, seventeen, of Hutton Roof, Kirkby Lonsdale, was undaunted when a fire broke out in a lonely Westmorland farm. She dragged a youth almost unconscious from his bed, pulled him through a window on to a sloping roof, dropped with him 6 ft. to another, and another 10 ft. to the ground. We warrant this plucky girl deserves the cheque which the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire has handed to her.

Stranger—and Son.

After twelve years of total blindness, John Donaldson, of Stockton-on-Tees, suddenly discovered that sight had returned to one eye. Joyfully he returned to his family, and hungrily fed his starved sense upon their faces. "But who are you?" he asked of one whose appearance was strange. "Your son," was the reply, "who has gone bald." We cannot do better than drop the curtain upon this happy scene.

Collier Caught.

We trust that a recent experience of a collier, William Albert Lythgoe, will have taught him wisdom. When returning from Warwick races, he was inveigled into the three-card game by William Brant and his brother, Francis, both of Walsall. Needless to say, the pigeon was plucked to the extent of £12; and later the brothers had to pay a fine of £20 each. If Lythgoe got his money back he was lucky.

Callous Neglect.

Joseph and Lily Ireland, of Leroy Street, S.E., since 1922, when their son Albert was only five, have steadily refused to have his teeth attended to, though it need not have involved them in expense. Now they have to pay six guineas in fines and costs for their neglect. But this sum can never compensate for the unnecessary pain the little fellow has had to bear. Parents who can look on while their child's health is going to pieces have no right to the name.

Doctor Needed.

No doubt the Slough magistrates did what they could in altering the sentence of three months' imprisonment passed on Ernest Suddell so as to omit the words "with hard labour." In 1921 he escaped from a mental hospital and because he stayed away fourteen days was automatically discharged. Several times he tried to keep in the Army, but failed because he was inefficient. Already he has served three months' hard labour for theft of which he is now again convicted. What the man wants is medical treatment.

Finders of Beauty.

He who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a benefactor to the race, and so is he who brings out the talent in his fellows. This honour belongs to Mr. J. Dickers, a Bethnal Green paperhanger, who founded the Working Men's Art School in that drab district. Straight from their work go costermongers, navvies and labourers, to stand at their easels and produce pictures. That one is now a professional poster artist and others have their work hung in London's chief galleries proves their skill.

Room at the Top.

Modern youths who close their eyes when the doors of opportunity are thrown wide open should note what Mr. Charles Williams, of Wrexham, has done. Four years ago he was working at the pits, but in that time he has equipped himself mentally for a call to the ministry of a Carnarvonshire Church. Men who have the grit to help themselves are capable of helping others. He should prove an ideal pastor.

Guard's Promptitude.

When guard John Ross glanced from the window of his van as his train was passing through Dalry Road Station, Edinburgh, he saw a tiny boy of four on the line with his leg severed. To apply the emergency brake, give first aid and get the child to the infirmary, took thirteen minutes. That the baby died was a tragedy. But for Ross' most commendable speed and resource he would have died without aid. That, at any rate, was prevented.

Girls Wanted !

There is " great demand " for power machinists in the wholesale tailoring trade, and as the outcome of suggestions made by the Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment the London County Council will open the eighth trade school at Old Castle Street, Aldgate, where girls may be taught to meet it. To make clever operatives by efficient teaching is sound. When young people receive specialised training all round the tragedy of casual labour, that leads nowhere, may end.

" Play the Game."

" Play the game ; if you cannot afford to lose, you should not expect to win." Mr. Chapman, manager of the Arsenal Football Club, thus addressed young people, chiefly football enthusiasts, at Islington Chapel. He also said that individually his club players had daily developed a spirit of willingness to serve and of sacrificing personal aggrandisement. We cannot complain that our young folk think too much of sport so long as these are the principles in which they are drilled. We do not want better maxims for conducting life.

Puerile Plea.

When fined £2 at Aberdeen for colouring skimmed milk with annatto, Robert Sim, dairy farmer, Greenhouse, Banchory-Devenick, pointed out that although the use of the matter was forbidden by the Milk and Dairies Act, there was no prohibition against it so far as cheese was concerned. The implied suggestion that an oversight in the drawing up of an Act of Parliament excuses a transgression of the law was rightly spurned by the sheriff. The object of adding the annatto was simply to deceive the consumer.

Coward's Kick.

" Britons never shall be slaves " is a proud boast, and George Mollison, farmer, of East Harlaw, Chapel of Garioch, will do well to remember that it is not entirely an empty one. He vented his anger upon a fifteen-year-old lad in his employ by kicking him on the legs and severely bruising him. Twice previously had the farmer been convicted of assault, and but for the fact that these were not of recent date, he would certainly have gone to prison. The fine of £10 should teach this bully to control his temper in the future.

The Cupboard was Bare.

At daybreak one morning a kindly neighbour entered the house of a family named Sullivan, of Adrigoe, co. Cork, to find the wife lying dead in the kitchen, and the husband and six children helpless with influenza. All were removed to hospital, where two of the little ones immediately died. The demented father passed away next day, and the life of still another child is despaired of. Hay served for their bedding and covering, and nothing in the way of food but half a loaf and a little yellow meal was found in the house. Such neglect and starvation in a civilised country are a crying disgrace.

Jobs in New Zealand.

We recently warned readers against offers of employment in New Zealand made by H. Edwards from an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, London. The main qualification was ability to pay £3 towards the cost of passage. Since our exposure the police have made enquiries and Mr. Edwards has flown. Perhaps he has taken one of the jobs in New Zealand.

An Easy Business.

The calling of a business transfer agent is, apparently, an extremely simple one. It can be mastered in a few hours by an intensive course of instruction supplied by the Business Transfer Exchange, of Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, High Holborn, W.C. It is first necessary to pay 5s. entrance fee and 20s. for admission to membership. It sounds altogether too easy.

To Limbless Men.

Armless or legless men whose limbs were amputated before September 8, 1919, should make sure whether or not they are entitled to an increased rate of pension or arrears from that date. Our Pensions Expert, who has already recovered large sums for many readers, will be glad to deal with any enquiries from men who are still in doubt. The length of stump and full particulars should be stated.

Fees First.

A sailor's wife, of Fareham, Portsmouth, entered into negotiation for a loan of £20 with J. Pinto, of King Street, Hammersmith. She received a promissory note to sign, with the request that it should be returned with 10s. 6d. for expenses. This was done, but the loan has not been forthcoming. It is quite foolish enough to have dealings of any kind with moneylenders, without parting with fees before there is any loan forthcoming.

Fleecing Scotsmen.

Scotland would not appear to be a happy hunting-ground for easy money, but Archibald Goldie, of Motherwell, has been doing very well. He advertises for assistants in a factory, and induces them to part with sums of from £10 to £25 as security. No job is forthcoming. Many complaints have been made to the Procurator-Fiscal, but without result. This seems a case for police action, despite Goldie's cleverness in pulling off such a scheme in Scotland.

Telling the Tale.

An Army officer has received from Llewellyn Chawner, addressed from Hereford Road, London, W., a typical begging-letter in which the writer claims acquaintanceship and asks for aid " over a particularly bad time. It is all too long a story to write about." The writer is unknown to the recipient. It is difficult for officers to remember the names of all whom they meet in the course of their duties and they are usually easy game for this kind of operation. Chawner, in this instance, has made a mistake and taken his wares to the wrong shop.

A Modest Demand.

W. H. B. Quilliam, who went south after the half-million failure of the Direct Fish Supplies, Limited, and who was the moving spirit of the British Chamber of Finance and the Orange River Asbestos Mines, Ltd., both of which are on the rocks, some months ago was asking for a few thousands to open a new Mediterranean resort at " Bouches-du-Loup," an arid tract of land between Cannes and Nice. He is now circularising people in England for a modest £12,000 in connection with " a casino upon the sea front within four miles of Deauville." Anybody want to throw away £12,000 ?

LAST "BULLETS" GIFTS!

ONLY two more weeks of "Bullets" Gifts! Win yours whilst you can—in the current £250 offer!

Hurry up! ..... *See page 39*

Problems of Life

Be Unafraid!

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is not for nothing that the Christian Church throughout the world celebrates in the springtime the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. There is an affinity between the season and the event.

Dr. R. J Campbell

The one is the period of the breaking forth of new beauty and life after the darkness and death of winter, and the other symbolises the renewal of hope and cheer in the human heart after the experience of failure and defeat.

The message of Eastertide is greatly needed at the present time, when there is so much to discourage and depress.

It can be put into one word, *Resurgam*, "I shall rise again." Every man and woman broken in spirit, crushed by adversity, weary with unavailing struggle, robbed of interest in life, should lay firm hold upon it and make it their own.

Nothing is past remedy: the last word is never spoken while life lasts.

A FRIEND of mine, English to the core, but now resident on the Pacific coast of North America, says that the principal difference between the people there and the people in the Old Country is that the former are more resilient than the latter.

Not more frivolous—almost the opposite—but more resilient.

If a man goes down in that part of the world he does not expect to stay down ; he does not acquiesce in misfortune ; he takes it for granted that skies will clear, and they do.

Here in England, adds this loyal critic—and I must own that my observation accords with his—the frantic pursuit of pleasure is often only a sign of despair.

People plunge into any kind of distraction to escape from the hard facts of daily life.

The absence of seriousness is in itself a proof of hopelessness.

Sadder still is the look one sometimes discerns on the face of a person of either sex whose best years are behind, the look of tragic resignation to the seemingly inevitable.

They have given in : there is no more fight in them. Their demeanour reminds one of that haunting line of W. B. Yates :

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

Or they are of those described by Tennyson :

" Whose trial is done, whose lot is cast
With those who watch but work no more,
Who gaze on life but live no more."

NEVER submit to such death in life. It need not be, ought not to be, however drear your prospects or heavy your loss.

Lift up your hearts. There is song in the air ; the sap is flowing in the trees ; Nature is new-born.

Greet the morning unafraid and with shining eyes, for it brings you good.

TURF TRICKSTERS' COUP

A "HALL"-MARKED BUSINESS

The Art of Selling Pups

AT the present time a gang of racing hangers-on, operating from various parts of the country, have struck what it doubtless would describe as a dead cert.

Briefly, their method is to attract a "partner" in a presumably flourishing commission-agent's business, which suddenly strikes a bad patch, following which the "mug" is induced to part with his interest for a mere song, after which the game starts all over again.

Alluring partnership propositions are advertised in the daily press in the name of one or other of the racing sharps working in league from addresses in various parts.

Beating the law

From time to time those who have been duped by these cunningly baited traps have complained to the police, but apparently nothing can be done in the way of obtaining legal redress, as the people pulling the strings, however unscrupulous their methods may be, have so far been clever enough to keep on the right side of the law.

One of the leading lights in this pretty little method of plucking the pigeon is Mr. G. Hall, who has been for some years located in a bookmaker's business at Ship Street, Brighton.

A gentleman from Staffordshire answered one of these advertisements, and was assured by Hall that huge profits were being made from bookmaking.

He was requested to invest £300 in the business, and in return was to receive a half-share of the "huge profits," and in addition was to receive for his services a salary of £6 per week.

The atmosphere of the Ship Street office, in which the interview with Hall took place, was such as to inspire every confidence in the stability of the business.

There was a tape-machine busily ticking away, while a clerk was kept incessantly on the trot taking bets from the telephone with a rapidity which to the uninitiated suggested that money was simply pouring into the office.

To lend further colour to the impression of big business, there was a "blower," through the instrumentality of which constant contact was kept with the latest market movements on the course.

Telling the tale

The prospective partner was greatly struck by what he saw, and books were displayed which strengthened the idea that he was on a very good thing.

Mr. Hall pressed home his advantage with all the persuasive powers of an eloquent tongue, and the gentleman from Staffordshire was hooked.

Having no money of his own, he still considered that the chance was one too good to be missed, and borrowed £300 of his wife's savings to put in the venture.

The money was handed over to Hall, and the new partner took his seat in the office.

Then he was shown the other side of the picture.

He got his salary for the first few weeks, but there had been quite an unexampled falling-off of business, and the promised profits were not

Sir Berkeley Sheffield, a steward of the Jockey Club and a Member of Parliament, who might well raise this matter in the House

coming in at anything like the rate that the entries in the books he had been shown had led him confidently to anticipate.

Backers seemed to have developed a phenomenal consistency in picking winners, which soon placed the erstwhile profitable business in a position of some financial difficulty.

The kindly helper

There were a number of daily callers at the Ship Street office, among them a person named Bert Russell, who, when things were at their blackest, offered to take over the whole concern.

The investor was now made to realise that not only had all his money gone, but was also told that there was no cash to carry on, and that unless they could meet the claims of successful backers enormous trouble would arise.

Under these circumstances, after being in the business for about a month, he sold his interest to Russell for £40.

He did not then know, what he has since learnt, that Russell has a very shady reputation in the racing world, is an old acquaintance of the police, and that apart from other little efforts he had for a time run the same office in Ship Street, Brighton, on his own account as a commission-agent, earning the reputation of being very forgetful in regard to the winning bets of clients.

After this costly experience, the Staffordshire gentleman watched the advertising columns of the newspapers in the hope of finding a more lucrative channel for his efforts, and was amazed when he saw the same advertisement that had proved so disastrous to himself.

The same old story

He got a friend to answer it from a distant town, and found it was again Mr. G. Hall seeking a partner at his Ship Street office.

The same old story was again unfolded. An investment of £400 was asked for, which would carry a share of the profits and a salary of £6 per week. Although the business had apparently got on the rocks, Mr. Hall assured the new applicant that it was highly successful, and that there were big profits to be made.

In another case a man from Sussex parted with £400 to Mr. Hall in similar circumstances to the previous instance. He had an even shorter run for his money, as at the end of three weeks it had all gone.

As in the case of the Staffordshire client, Hall then explained that as they were faced with a long list of debts to backers, the business must be sold.

It *was* "sold," and so was the man from Sussex, who received £20 of the £40 it "realised"!

The Sussex man out of the way, Hall was soon again advertising for a partner, the business once more having miraculously taken on a new lease of life and being in a highly remunerative condition.

How many partners have put money into the Ship Street office it is impossible for anyone but Hall and his associates to say.

But in one case a well-known Brighton solicitor, who was consulted with a view to taking proceedings against Hall, advised the dupe not to throw good money after bad.

"Your experience is by no means unique," he wrote. "Others have lost their money in the same way, and in each case it has been found impossible to do anything. Even if you succeeded in getting a verdict for fraud I am perfectly certain you would never get a shilling of it."

New venture

Hall, in addition to these activities, is on the records of the Turf Guardian Society as a person who should be severely left alone.

He left Ship Street some weeks ago, and has lately been advertising from an Oxford Street office for people to part with substantial sums of money in a new automatic-machine business which, apart from any other consideration, has been officially declared to be illegal.

Readers of JOHN BULL, at any rate, will now only have themselves to blame if they go to swell the number of his unfortunate victims.

Some Cool Bluffers

British Business Men Beware!

AN American firm of philanthropists, Messrs. Stanley Jefferson & Co., of 63, Wall Street, New York, is willing—according to its advertisements—to come to the assistance of British business men who are in need of ready money.

It is not at all inclined to be niggardly in its transactions and is desirous of negotiating in regard to sums "of from £20,000 up."

Anxious to know who these people were who were animated by such kindly feelings to their British cousins, we hastened to find out something about Stanley Jefferson and Co.

Strange omission

Much to our surprise, their existence had been overlooked by the compilers of every American directory or book of reference available in London.

Not only so, but American circles in London were equally ignorant of the existence of the firm. Not to be baulked in our endeavour to give recognition where recognition is due, the field of our enquiry was extended to America.

There is a firm called Stanley Jefferson and Co. operating from 63, Wall Street, where the transatlantic mail is called for daily.

The destinies of Stanley Jefferson and Co., and incidentally of any securities entrusted to them by British clients, are controlled by a Mr. Joseph C. Cooper.

Mr. Cooper has devoted a great portion of his life to the promotion of the accommodation-address type of business, and sad to relate, has been associated with a number of American companies of such a character that American financial papers have suggested that he is just the type of financial expert whom it would be better to avoid.

Some years ago he was concerned with a number of companies in Georgia—where the other kind of peaches come from—but the investors saw neither peaches nor plums.

What is clear

Mr. Cooper next appeared on the scene in New York as the organiser of a "cotton exchange," in which he was associated with some of the toughest characters among those engaged in the least savoury side of American company promotion.

Gately, Townsend and Co., is another American concern advertising in very similar terms to Stanley Jefferson and Co., in this case not from 63, but from 80, Wall Street.

Here, again, there is no record of the company in American books of reference, but we can supply the information that this firm's operations are also controlled by Joseph Cooper.

It is abundantly clear that any individual or business in difficulty over the raising of finance will be adding to their troubles by seeking assistance from Stanley Jefferson and Company, Gately Townsend and Company, or Mr. Joseph Cooper.

MOTORISTS BEWARE!

INSURANCE COMPANY'S QUEER IDEAS

A Policy of Silence

WHAT is wrong with the Lancashire and General Assurance Company? For some years now it has been conducting its business in a highly unsatisfactory manner, and frequently policy-holders have found it a matter of the greatest difficulty to get claims settled.

We have before us many cases which all tell the same story of interminable delay.

The company carries out insurances of many descriptions, but specialises in covering the risks of motorists.

The usual method when an insured motorist meets with a mishap is for him to be furnished with a claim form to be filled in and returned. There, unfortunately for the poor motorist, the matter is frequently allowed to rest.

No reply is received from the company and subsequent letters are ignored, except in the many cases where claims are contested on some technical or trivial ground, until legal action is taken.

The name of the company is not an unfamiliar one in law courts up and down the country, and it would be highly illuminative to know exactly how many judgments have been secured against it.

Unsustained claim

In addition to trouble with clients, the company has had trouble with the Board of Trade in regard to laxity in keeping accounts, and on two occasions has been fined for not depositing its balance-sheet in the period required by the Assurance Companies Act.

On one of these occasions, when the magistrate imposed a fine of £150 on the company and £50 on Mr. Stockfield, the general manager, counsel for the company remarked that nothing could be said against the reputation of the company.

Let us see how this squares with its conduct.

A typical instance of its procedure is provided by Joseph Henry Arlet, of Paisley, Scotland, who insured an omnibus against various risks, including fire. On April 25, 1926, the omnibus was destroyed by fire, and a claim made under the terms of the policy.

Judge's sharp comment

The company repudiated liability on the ground that there was a misstatement on the proposal form, because as he had bought the 'bus on the hire-purchase system, the owner was a corporation car company, which should have been shown on the proposal form.

Another ground of repudiation was that the insurer concealed the fact that the vehicle was purchased on the hire-purchase system. This, however, had been made quite clear in the correspondence.

Arlet was not at all satisfied with this sort of treatment and brought an action in the King's Bench Division, as a result of which he obtained judgment for £495 and costs. In giving this judgment, Mr. Justice Swift said the claim was met with defences that were perfectly hopeless.

After reading the correspondence and hearing the evidence, he was quite satisfied there was no defence to the action.

A few examples may be quoted as typical of the complaints we are receiving, and may serve as a warning.

A Spalding motorist took out on May 19, 1926, a full-cover policy for his Rover Eight at an annual premium of £6. On March 1 this year the car was in a collision and sustained a broken axle, smashed wheel, wrecked radiator, shell and other damage.

Evasive replies

A claim form was filled in and forwarded with an estimate of the cost of repairs. This was ignored, as were a number of letters.

A boy of seventeen, of Urmston, Manchester, saved up his pocket-money and bought a motor-cycle. In September last year he skidded, causing damage to the foot-rest, front forks and mud-guard.

He handed the machine over to a local garage, who sent an estimate to the Lancashire and General Assurance Company, with whom the youth had insured.

The company formally accepted the claim, and when the repairs were completed were furnished with a satisfaction note signed by the motor-cyclist and an account.

And there the matter ended.

The boy has called many times at the Manchester office of the company, but has only received evasive replies to his questions as to when the money would be forthcoming, while letters written to the head office in London have been ignored.

A Cardiff motor-cyclist insured with the company had his machine destroyed by fire, and on January 25 sent in a claim form.

Since then he has written several times, but has been unable to obtain even an acknowledgment.

A London motorist who was insured some two months ago had a clock stolen. In spite of writing, calling and telephoning numerous times, he can get no settlement or explanation.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Rigby Swift, who recently gave judgment in a claim against the Lancashire and General Assurance Company.

Disappointed claimants

He has made a number of journeys to the claims office in Pall Mall, and each time has met a little procession of motorists bitterly complaining about their treatment.

So we could go on with instance after instance.

The motorist, too, is not the only sufferer. A thrifty Brighton railway clerk paid premiums for insurance against sickness, only to find when overtaken by ill-health that it was impossible to get the information as to whether his claim was to be allowed.

A working-man at Chadwell Heath took out a similar policy. He was unfortunately stricken with heart trouble, and laid aside for seventeen weeks. He made many applications to the company for assistance, but the letters were ignored.

This appears to be the usual policy, and seekers after insurance would be well advised to go elsewhere.

A VERY ELUSIVE MAJOR

HOWARD THE VERMIN-KILLER

WE know a Major Horace Howard Howard, who is a real pal to those who wish to enter business; it seems that he cannot have too many partners. But always he wants a little cash to accompany them as well.

Howards, Wholesale Farm Produce Brokers and Merchants, Manufacturers of Agricultural Fertilisers, etc., Manufacturers and sole proprietors of "Verminkil," St. Clement's House, Clement's Lane, E.C.4.

That's the major! Or, rather, was. The major is not very often there nowadays.

Partner's shock

But that is not all he has done. For some months now he has been advertising for partners. He has been remarkably successful, too, in this direction.

One gentleman was anxious no doubt to acquire a partnership in Howards, because the major was able to show him a ledger that stated the profits had been no less than £900 for the year.

The end of that business relationship was a cheque for £80, which was returned by the bank. A most unfortunate state of affairs. Banks should be more considerate of the reputations of firms that manufacture vermin-killers.

Short-lived salary

However, the advertisement brought yet another fish to the net.

This was a young man, who in consideration of a deposit of £50 was to acquire a share in the "dud" cheque business, and receive a salary of £5 a week and £2 for the profits.

For two whole weeks he received £7 each week, and then his salary ceased.

This was too much like profiteering, and so, in accordance with his contract, he gave a fortnight's notice of the withdrawal of his deposit of £50.

The fortnight was up when the young man came to consult us. He has not received any money, not even a "dud" cheque! He had not even been able to see Howard and talk the matter over.

Then there is yet another gentleman who agreed to take on the payment of several expenses connected with the business.

Any business relations with Howard have long since been dissolved, but the onus of the office rent remains on his shoulders. It does not appear to be exceptionally profitable to enter into agreement with the major.

Elusive and promising

The major is very elusive. He has written an unaddressed letter to this gentleman, promising settlement. That sort of letter is rather intangible, however.

Howard's flair for partners is not the only strange feature of his business.

Apparently, the firm of Howards suffered from a distressing habit of writing to other firms, confirming esteemed orders and some were rather short about it.

Strange methods

Howards ascribe one such incident, in which the concern involved was a large co-operative society, to an error in address and thank the society for pointing out the receipt for the same.

One can scarcely understand methods like these in any business firm, even if it had what might be described as a moving directorate. They point to inexcusable carelessness.

And it is not as if there was only an isolated instance.

It seems to us that Major Howard Howard should be retired from the partner-recruiting campaign by the authorities at the earliest possible moment. He is a most suspicious person.

AN AWFUL BLUNDER

MAGISTRATES' QUEER VIEWS ON CRIME

ustice in Bankruptcy

TO be efficient in any profession careful training and instruction is imperative. That this is considered unnecessary for those who administer justice is a thing beyond understanding.

VICE is profitable and not particularly dangerous at Bristol, to judge by a case which came before a bench of magistrates in that city with an alderman in the chair a few days ago.

A number of people were charged with the despicable offence of keeping a disorderly house under highly deplorable circumstances. A house in Montague Terrace was watched for twenty-one nights and was found to be used for immoral purposes.

A raid was carried out by the police, and as the result George and Kathleen Edwards were charged with actually being engaged in the management of the place, while a woman named Mary West and three other persons of the same surname were charged with aiding and abetting in its control.

Hideous offence

All the defendants were convicted, and the alderman waxed eloquent on the disgraceful state of affairs that had been disclosed. To emphasise their sense of the gravity of the case the magistrates ordered Mr. and Mrs. Edwards to pay £5 each!

Having disposed of this precious pair, the Bench proceeded to Mary West and the other three defendants, *two of whom were her daughters, aged respectively nineteen and twenty.* Here was the appalling case of a mother bringing up her own daughters to a life of vice and misery.

No wonder righteous indignation seethed in the breasts of the magistrates, as in scathing terms the chairman trounced Mrs. West, telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself. As an anti-climax to this exhortation came the punishment—a fine of £10!

The Bristol magistrates evidently have a very moderate estimate of the worth of womanly sanctity. A more hideous and unnatural offence than that of a mother pushing her daughters down the road to destruction it would be difficult to imagine.

We will leave the mothers among our readers to form their own judgement of the justice which puts the value of two daughters at £10.

Brutal sentence

In another case at Bristol which occurred some time ago the culprit was a poor, broken-down fellow suffering from malaria, which he contracted while serving in Salonica, and who, existing in a chronic state of poverty and ill-health, stole goods to the value of £5 in order to obtain the necessities of life.

His wife was the only witness for the defence, and she told a pitiful story of their struggle with misfortune. He could not, of course, afford to employ a solicitor.

This man, suffering from a very big handicap on account of his services to the country, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Of course, the mistake was in the class of crime. Had he or his wife conducted a disorderly house or trained their children to a life of shame he would have been given the option of a fine.

On the same day that this masterly act of justice was enacted a woman was brought up, also charged with theft. In her case the thieving was not done at one establishment, but was carried out at a large number of local stores.

There was no question of ill-health or hunger, nor any adequate excuse for the crimes, which were without the trace of any extenuating circumstances. The magistrates came to the conclusion that she had been rather naughty and bound her over.

Sir John Swaish, Chairman of the Bristol Watch Committee, whom we urge to induce his Committee to petition for a stipendiary.

Public indignation in the district is at fever heat, and the only solution appears to be in the appointment of a stipendiary magistrate.

Under the Municipal Corporation Acts of 1882 a stipendiary magistrate can only be appointed in response to a petition by the local town council.

Blot on justice

Until, therefore, the town council awakens to a sense of its responsibility the magisterial duties will be performed by a number of respectable country gentlemen and business magnates who may know a lot about their business or profession as the case may be, and who are probably big bugs with the local political parties, but whose knowledge of law and equity is not their strong point.

We look with confidence and hope to the Bristol Town Council to remove this blot on the name of one of our greatest cities and safeguard the rights of its 400,000 inhabitants.

The system which decides on the appointment of magistrates is all wrong, and Bristol, although a glaring example, is not the only place to suffer from weird decisions.

Courts of summary jurisdiction are scattered up and down the length and breadth of the land where justice, so-called, is meted out by people with no moral right to sit in judgment on their fellow men.

The appointment of trained stipendiary magistrates should be universal. If that is too much to hope for at present, it should certainly apply to all large centres of population.

SECRET BOMB PLOT

WHO IS BEING SHIELDED?

Miners' Undeserved Stigma

WHEN anything happens that might involve destruction of life and property, enquiry is naturally expected. When a policy of secrecy is adopted cause is given for feeling of suspicion.

WHAT is the mystery surrounding the discovery of an alleged bomb plot in Somerset, and why have the authorities been so careful in hushing up the matter?

Either the inhabitants of the district have been in grave danger of being blown sky-high or have been the victims of a particularly senseless and alarming hoax, the perpetrator of which should, if possible, be discovered and severely punished.

The scene of this supposed plot is Radstock, the well-known coal-mining village in Somerset. Here there are two mines within easy reach of each other, one of which, the Middle Pit Colliery stands adjacent to the local gas-works.

This is the colliery which has presumably had a narrow escape of demolition, and it is practically certain that had the catastrophe occurred the gas-works would have been involved, with results too horrible to contemplate.

Alarming discovery

During last winter a night watchman at the Middle Pit Colliery, of the name of Short, saw the crouching figure of a man moving about in a highly suspicious manner at the foot of the colliery headgear.

Short naturally thought the intruder was just an ordinary pilferer of coal and crept towards him as silently as possible in order to place him under arrest.

The visitor, however, had evidently sharp ears, for he detected the approach of Short and immediately bolted.

Short was unable to take up the pursuit as he was alone and could not leave the pit-head unguarded, but he proceeded to make an inspection of the premises, and discovered near the foot of the colliery headgear a quantity of extremely dangerous high explosives, together with a number of detonators.

Members of the local detective force were at once summoned, and realising the gravity of the situation, sent for the police chief of the district, Supt. Steward, who later arrived by motor-car from Frome.

Significant facts

A thorough search was instituted, which led to the startling discovery that three canisters of high explosives, with detonators and fuses attached ready for igniting, were lying on the ground near to the headgear. Short evidently had been just in the nick of time to prevent the carrying out of a diabolical plot that would have involved hundreds in tragedy and ruin.

A detailed examination of the explosives later revealed some very interesting and what some of the local residents regard as significant facts.

They were of a highly dangerous and prohibited nature, and could only have been obtained by persons working in certain firms which could be relied upon to safeguard against leakage, or by means of a special Government permit.

The Middle Pit Colliery is presumed to have been not the only objective, as one of the canisters, evidently dropped by the plotter in his hurry to get away, bore a label "Norton Hill Colliery," another pit which is only a very short distance away.

Natural anxiety

Had the headgear of these two pits been destroyed it would have meant that both mines would have been flooded and would probably have been rendered permanently worthless, throwing the whole of the men employed out of work.

In addition, the force of the explosions would have been such as to have endangered the lives of hundreds of people for miles around, while to add to the horror of the situation was the near vicinity of the gas-works.

The generally accepted view was that the man disturbed was not acting on his own initiative, but was the tool of some nefarious gang. However that may be, six months have gone by without the police making any arrests and the people of the West Country are getting anxious to know what has happened.

At a recent meeting of the Somerset Standing Joint Committee, Mr. Young moved a resolution calling on the Chief Constable to furnish the committee with a full and detailed report of the police investigations and their findings.

Why the secrecy?

Mr. A. F. Somerville, the chairman, stated that the matter had been referred for action to the Home Secretary, as the report was of a "confidential character."

Why is the report confidential and why did Mr. Young's resolution fail to find a seconder?

The miners of this area behaved in an exemplary manner during the late dispute—this according to the statement of the Chief Constable himself—and they feel that until the facts are made public they are labouring under a quite undeserved stigma.

There is a strong feeling among the miners that the whole thing was a cleverly engineered hoax to bring discredit on the general body of pit workers, whose law-abiding conduct was not altogether what some of their opponents wanted.

That being so it is as much to the interest of the police as of the miners that the whole of the facts should be made public without any further delay, and we hope that this course will be taken.

EXILED IN AGONY

A BOY'S TRAGIC FIGHT

At the World's Mercy!

NEW ZEALAND is crying out for emigrants. We commend to the authorities the case of a lad named Oswin Jennings, who has already lived in the Dominion, but is now alone and penniless in London.

As an example of grit and determination in face of all manner of reverses in his young life, Oswin's story would be hard to beat.

No lucky star ever shone over the little home in Worcestershire where he was born. He does not remember his mother. His father said that she was dead, but there is reason to believe now that she deserted her husband and babies.

His father he remembers with great tenderness. A violin maker and french polisher, the latter came to live in Islington with Oswin and his two sisters. All went well until the father's health began to fail and his eldest sister, who was little more than a child, became entangled in a love affair with a sailor.

One tragic night, the sick father crawled out of his bed at midnight to go in search of his daughter and bring her home. It proved his death-blow.

Wished he were dead

Oswin was admitted to the Shaftesbury School at Bisley, near Woking, but he left at the end of two-and-a-half years with a silver certificate for good behaviour.

He went to live with a relative in Southampton Row and, young as he was, Oswin realised that the surroundings were undesirable. He left, and was found by a policeman wandering in the streets and taken to the police court. He was remanded for a week, and sent to a Salvation Army home.

He, however, ran away to his younger sister living at Islington. She could not house him, so he made his lodging in some mews, sleeping in vans, week in, week out.

He describes this period of his young life as "lying in the vans, miserable, cold and hungry—wishing I was dead."

Eventually he found work in a box factory. Then came rheumatic fever and the infirmary for six months. Another short spell of work was followed again by sickness and the hospital.

On recovering, he secured a job in a boarding-house in Highbury, washing up for thirty people for the princely wage of 10s. per week. A lighter job followed, cleaning the windows and sweeping the floors at a West End drapers.

Short-lived happiness

Here the lonely boy tasted some of the sweets of a little social intercourse. The living-in staff took an interest in him, because he was a willing and obliging lad.

Life was rosier than it had ever been before, and when his elder sister, who was now married in New Zealand, arranged for him to join her, the wandering orphan thought that his troubles were at an end.

He got a job at a bottle works at 35s., and was happy living with his sister.

The happiness was short-lived. A horrible form of ozœna, which he thinks was the result of a blow on his nose, developed, making his life a misery to himself and the people with whom he mixed.

So Oswin went away up country, twenty-five miles from any town, to milk cows at 25s. per week and his keep. He lived alone, cooking his own food, until his sister, who had moved to a small town in the South Island, secured him a job where he had five cows and 500 sheep to tend

Despairing prospect

He enjoyed this outdoor life, until his unfortunate disease became apparent to his employers, who said that he must go. He then consulted a doctor, who told him it had gone too far to be cured, and advised treatment to prevent it spreading to his brain.

He next found employment at a granite quarry. It was hard manual labour. With blistered hands and the sweat pouring from his forehead, he toiled on, until a piece of rock falling on his arm disabled him, and he went back to farm work.

All alone, he took charge of a farm, with fifteen cows to milk.

Then a letter came telling him that his sister was ill in Wellington Hospital. When he arrived, his brother-in-law met him with the sad news that she was dead.

After that, everything seemed to go wrong. He realised keenly that he was alone in a strange country, suffering from a distressing complaint, which might lead to madness.

In despair, he begged the doctors at Wellington Hospital to cure him. They said it was impossible for them to operate, so he went back to the granite works. Again, the people he was living with objected to his malady, and he was shoved into a fowl-house to sleep.

Oswin Jennings

After another fruitless effort to get cured at a hospital, he went back to his former landlord in the Bush. But the family would not have him.

He determined to come to England to be cured. He obtained an assisted passage over, and after sleeping out several nights and in the St. Pancras workhouse, he made his way to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Encouragement deserved

He was promised the first vacancy and Mr. Wheatley, of St. Giles' Mission, arranged for his keep at Rowton House.

After a few weeks' delay, he was admitted to the hospital. The doctors performed a successful operation, a miracle of surgery, and he is now attending the hospital as an out-patient, awaiting his discharge.

When this is granted he intends to make his way back to New Zealand, and we appeal to the Government to grant him a free passage. If ever a young lad deserved encouragement, Oswin Jennings does.

A Slim Trick

The Half-Crown Snatcher

A READER lost money recently in a manner which leads him to suspect that he is only one of hundreds who have been similarly tricked.

He advertised for unfurnished rooms. On the evening of the same day that his advertisement appeared a young man called on him.

He gave his name as "Boxall," and said he had been sent by his father who had three rooms coming vacant in a house at Lamont Road, Chelsea.

Boxall described the rooms, and our reader promised to call and see them on Saturday afternoon.

Surprise in store

Boxall then suggested that if he would pay a deposit, for which he would give him a receipt, he would reserve the rooms for him.

The money was paid and the receipt given.

On Saturday afternoon the prospective tenant, with the receipt for his "deposit" in his pocket, arrived at Lamont Road, Chelsea. The house appeared to be empty and undergoing repairs.

On knocking at the door, however, a woman appeared. She said she knew of nobody named Boxall, and that, far from there being any rooms to let, she herself was under notice to quit.

Cause for shame

It appeared that the house had been purchased three years previously by a lady living in the neighbourhood who required it for herself. She had just succeeded in securing vacant possession of all except the basement, and was having the house re-decorated.

People who are induced to part with money by such slim tricks as this are reluctant to confess that they have been duped, and so "Boxall" is able to get away with his little scheme.

The Chelsea police should look into the matter.

A Whine from Prague

Curious Epistle from an Ex-Policeman

A CURIOUS epistle is bein broadcast to British business - houses from Prague which is quite a choice example of the begging-letter writer's art.

The appeal seeks to arouse the charity of the sympathetic on behalf of one Joseph Fork, the following being extracts:

Bringing big joy

"I have sent my petition for help in my fierce misery addressed to my English fellowmen, to be printed in some newspapers, but these refused to publish it gratis and, therefore, I dare to address my petition as below, directly to you, Dear Sir, and this as a simple print, for I have no money to send regular letters—

"The citizen Joseph Fork, quite blameless,—attained after an heavy influenza, by a lasting inflammation,—is of the English origin, by a misfortune of his ancestors, he has become a definite municipal police man on the territory of great-Prague of-to day, and was it 15 years.

"In consequence of after-war and value circumstances he could not feed on his annual salary Cz.cr.1,100 i.e.about 7,L his family with four members, and he had the choice either to serve on for these 1,100 crowns or to resign without pension.

"He desisted in the year 1919 without pension, established a little trade—but by cause of financial difficulties and high taxes, he was ruined."

Mr. Fork goes on to state that he can't get employment and winds up: "For any alms may be even so small and which will bring us big joy, sent to my address, and which I shall acknowledge by letter, I cry beforehand 'God bless you.'"

Better objects

Mr. Fork, whose main idea is to get the British public to fork out, is a little premature with his blessing. Despite his claim of English origin he was born in Czecho-Slovakia, and considering the dire straits in which he finds himself, must have expended a considerable sum in the postage of his illiterate jumble.

Needless to say, there are plenty of far more genuine cases of distress among our own people.

MARRIAGE MART SCANDAL

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

MR. MOSELEY, continuing his investigations, shows the terrible danger to young womanhood existing in our midst. "John Bull" has every reason to suppose that these revelations will lead to official action that will have striking results.

LET me tell you this week of a correspondence I have had with another purveyor of oceans of happiness at a guinea a cup—plus commission.

This time the benign master of matrimony is one R. Charlesworth, editor of the *Matrimonial Post and Fashionable Marriage Advertiser*, 26, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Listen to this:

"The *Matrimonial Post and Fashionable Marriage Advertiser*, as it is admitted upon all hands, has now been established in every class of English-speaking society throughout the world; and bearing in mind the very considerable amount of capital which had to be invested before 'the Matrimonial Agency of the world' could be entitled to rank, as it now undeniably ranks, as the largest and most important Matrimonial Agency in the British Empire, it is only from a strong sense of justice and from a duty that I owe to the public, that I take cognizance of, and utter a warning against transparent plagiarism and merely impudent imitation."

Thus Mr. Charlesworth *ad lib.* He agrees that "above all things with respect to such a serious and all-important subject as marriage, that those who attempt with any degree of justness to designate themselves Marriage Negotiators, should offer some well-defined evidence of practical, well-trained and lengthened experience, together with full and adequate security for the absolute inviolability of all confidences . . ." Loud cheers.

Startling letter

I first of all wrote to Mr. Charlesworth asking for particulars. He promptly replied asking me to fill up a form.

"If you do not see any suitable advertisements in the paper," he writes thoughtfully, "kindly let me know, for in addition to those appearing therein I have a large and daily increasing number of eligible clients who do not advertise, but trust the agency with instructions to negotiate and arrange for them an early marriage.

"If you will fill in and return the enclosed form which incurs no liability whatsoever, I shall be better able to judge the style of partner you require and would then write you fully as regards the fees, etc., when there is no doubt but that I shall be able to promptly and successfully satisfy your wishes.

"I would further state that the essence of our success for the past sixty-five years is based upon the fact that both interviews and correspondence are entirely confidential; therefore, you may, without hesitation, put me in possession of the necessary facts relating to your status and requirements, which will be of material assistance to me in selecting names and addresses of clients who are likely to suit you."

The accompanying form has all the appearance of being straightforward enough. You are asked full particulars, name, 'phone number and business addresses, whether you have been married, any "encumbrances" (Oh, Mr. Charlesworth!), age, height, religion, complexion, hair, whether independent or in business, total income from all sources (sounds like an income-tax enquiry!), etc.

The space for your own requirements is not large. You merely have to give the age of the required partner, height, complexion, hair, general qualifications, means, income, capital, and whether you object to anyone who has already been married.

There is a footnote marked "Important." "This matrimonial paper is the oldest and largest agency of its kind in the world."

Of its kind! Let us see what kind it really is. I wrote in reply, asking

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley

this benevolent dispenser of happiness if he would let me know "charges for introducing me to some bright, *good-looking, sporty girls.*" I added:

"I have an idea I am expected to advertise? Is this so? If it is, very good; but if it can be arranged through yourself please let me know. I've been wanting to write to you for some time, being under the impression that all you have to offer are plain, middle-aged, oh-let-us-be-mournful sorts. If so, nothing doing! If on the other hand you've got the goods, I'm your man."

The serious-minded man looking for a wife does not enquire of a serious-minded matrimonial agency for "sporty girls," and one would expect that such an application would receive short shrift. But no—there is a money end to it.

The plain issue

Mr. Charlesworth replies, sending me more particulars, and because I fail to bite quickly, writes to me again.

To put the issue beyond doubt I filled up the particulars stating as plainly as possible my requirements for "young *sporty* girls, *fond of life*, broadminded, *wanting a good time.*" Accompanying this form I wrote:

"I have not replied to your letter because I am rather doubtful if you can introduce me to the kind of girls I am looking for, but I have filled up the forms and will see."

Not a life partner, not *a* girl who might care to meet me "with a view to matrimony," but "*girls* wanting a good time."

Did Mr. Charlesworth send back an indignant reply? He did not! *By return of post he wrote offering to give me introductions.* This is his letter:

"In reply to yours of the 15th inst. I can give you the introductions. The fees are £1 1s. registration and £25 on marriage to one of my clients. Should you marry anyone not a client of mine you are not liable for anything. The registration fee of £1 1s. includes, if you desire, an advertisement in my paper.

"You can reply to any advertisement at any time appearing in the paper in addition to which you receive introductions until you are suited."

"Pluck up courage"

At the same time I got my secretary to take a hand. She wrote to him posing as a shy girl—and here is how this gentleman replies:

"In reply to your letter you need not be at all nervous in calling to see me; firstly, I am not a terrible man, and, secondly, no one would see you as my office is quite private.

"I am just close to Leicester Square Tube Station, and a few doors from Wyndham's Theatre, on the same side, second staircase as you come into the building. I am sure after all these explanations you will pluck up courage and come and see me."

Mr. Charlesworth also states that he "can certainly give her the introductions she requires, and everything will be carried out in a strictly confidential manner."

If she will call to see him, he says in another letter, "you will see no one except myself."

Well, I should have left it at that. For as a further first-hand example of how easily one may obtain the offer of introduction to the other sex, for matrimonial purposes or otherwise, it is hard to beat.

Puzzling refusal

I am entitled to take it that had I replied immediately to Mr. Charlesworth's offer of introduction by sending the guinea on receipt of this letter as he demanded, I should have received the introductions without further question.

I must needs, however, a long while afterwards when my enquiry into the genuineness of matrimonial agencies had extended in other directions, send him a further letter which gave him the rare opportunity—as I wrote to him later—of "now assuming a righteous attitude."

The man who offered to introduce me first to "good-looking, sporty girls," and then to "young sporty girls, fond of life, wanting a good time," now lifts his eyes to the heavens *and refuses to take me on.*

Now, the question I wish to ask is: What had happened in the meantime to make Mr. Cupid Charlesworth change his mind?

Pearson Pops Up

Drains and Drivel

A GENTLEMAN was blithely digging a drain on the Southend Road some days ago when another drove up in a motor-car and asked him the way to Southend. The digger of drains touched his cap respectfully and answered the knotty problem.

The gentleman in the car, who happened to be a film director, remarked on the dullness of the neighbourhood, and with commendable restraint, the navvy merely said, "Far from the place being dull, we are actually where smugglers used to be hanged."

Before going much further it might be as well to state that this part of a thrilling story, for whose accuracy we cannot vouch, was told by an individual called Pearson, who some days ago pushed open the doors of the editorial offices of a well-known daily paper.

He claimed to be the navvy mentioned above, and upon his person he carried the manuscript describing the incident.

Entrancing tale

His story was that at the chance meeting with the film director, the conversation turned on cocaine smuggling in Essex. He told how, only a year before, he found at Shingle Street in Essex a dead carrier-pigeon with a tube of cocaine attached to its leg.

Thereupon the enterprising film magnate asked him if he could write as well as he could talk. Pearson, flushing modestly, answered, "I'll try."

The pretty tale continues that he wrote a scenario entitled "Smuggled Snow," dealing with rum, tobacco and cocaine smugglers on the Essex coast.

It proved so good that he was immediately offered a post as scenario writer, and he is now at work on several more tales that will be eventually filmed.

All we can say is that if this navvy is at work on tales of this description, he should not hawk them round to newspaper offices.

Cool cheek

His tale was nothing more nor less than an impudent attempt to hoodwink the Press into giving him publicity, and as a consequence to hoodwink members of the public into putting money into a doubtful film venture.

The "film boss" is W. J. Coleman, and the company of which the navvy, who is W. F. C. Pearson, was supposed to have become a scenario-writer, is Coleman Photoplays, concerning which we have already issued an emphatic warning.

Neither of these people knows anything worth considering of film work. They are mere adventurers telling credulous people that once the new Film Bill is passed enormous fortunes may be amassed by anyone investing money in the industry.

OUR contributor, the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, is "the man of the moment." On the results of his energetic organisation will depend the fate of the Liberal Party—and, not improbably, the fate of the country.

A New World!

by The Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL

THERE were men in former times who set out to discover a "philosopher's stone," which, by a single process, would change all metals into gold. They were the alchemists. They failed, for there can be no such stone. And there are politicians now who seek, by a single process, to change all that is base in our industrial system into something noble. They are the Socialists.

Their philosopher's stone is the principle of nationalisation. Place our industries in the hands of public authorities, they say, and poverty will be ended, unemployment will disappear, a golden age will dawn. But they, too, will fail. There can be no single cure for evils which come, not from one, but from a multitude of causes.

An observer may describe, with impartiality and truth, the conditions of some typical area in an industrial district.

He may describe the mean, crowded town, with its foul river and its smoke-laden atmosphere; the squalor of the slums; the irregularity of employment; the frequent conflicts between employers and employed; the poverty of the people, although they work all the hours of daylight and more; the exhaustion of the women; the excessive rate of infantile mortality; the absence of any worthy amusements; the ignorance of many and the drunkenness of some.

He may contrast all this with the happier conditions of bygone times, and with the present ease and comfort of a wealthier class.

Wrong assumption

He may jump to the conclusion that nothing short of a revolutionary change can possibly work a cure. Since the present social system is based on private employment, he assumes that the opposite must be right. He accepts the doctrine that Socialism will bring the needed transformation, and that Socialism alone can do it.

Yet it may happen that another observer, coming to the same place fifty years later, may find that, without Socialism, everything has been changed.

The slums have gone, the sites built over, perhaps, by spacious factories and workshops; the atmosphere has been freed from smoke through the adoption of new methods of heat and power; the river is protected from pollution; not far away, garden villages have been built, the villages provided with libraries, concert-halls and playing-fields; joint councils and works' committees of managers and workmen decide without conflict the conditions of employment; wages have become adequate and work is regular; in education a fair standard prevails, with a prospect of steady development; the changed conditions are reflected in the physique and character of the people.

The Liberal policy

This policy of progress piece by piece, dividing the great social problem into its several parts, finding for each particular evil the cure that fits it, bringing into play a whole variety of agencies—State action, the action of local authorities, the efforts of employers, workpeople, teachers, social workers of all kinds—this policy is the Liberal policy.

In the Parliaments from 1906 to the outbreak of the war it had scope. A dozen great social statutes were the harvest. Since then many questions have ripened for solution.

It is plain that the relationships between employers and employed in many establishments, and in some whole industries, are far from satisfactory. Public opinion calls for a "new spirit."

On a recent occasion I suggested a definition of the new spirit that is needed. It should be an attitude which no longer treats the workman as the servant of the employer, but which holds that both workman and employer should be regarded, and should regard themselves, as the servants of the community.

Picking up dropped threads

It may be that the State will have to intervene to ensure that this spirit shall in fact prevail in the industrial world, just as it has been obliged to intervene in earlier days, in order to protect the worker against oppression and injustice.

The objects in view would be two-fold—to secure to the worker a fair share in the proceeds of industry, and to secure for him a full voice in deciding the conditions of his own employment.

How to achieve it is the question that is now occupying the close attention of the group of able men who are conducting the Liberal Industrial Enquiry, not yet completed.

Ripe for solution also is the coal question, the cause of the serious—and wholly unnecessary—conflict of last year. A number of practicable measures, large in their scope and likely to be beneficent, were included in the recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry, of which I was chairman.

The greater number, including several of the most important, have been left aside by the present Government. A Liberal Administration would certainly take steps to carry them into law.

Ready for the harvest are the land reforms in town and country, put into definite shape in a series of seventeen resolutions that were passed by a representative Land Conference of the Liberal Party held in London a year ago.

Growing restiveness

They all spring from one general principle—that the land of the country should be used in the manner best fitted to promote the health and well-being of the inhabitants, and that no private interests can be allowed to block the way.

Ripening, too, are a group of questions closely touching the cost of living. Higher wages are of little avail if they are run close by higher prices. And higher prices are partly the consequence of high taxation. They are partly the consequence also of protective tariffs.

There is a growing restiveness among the people at the failure of late to effect reductions in the burden of taxation which is the aftermath of the war. Here is a large field which is waiting the hand of the reformer.

To these policies must be added a variety of others—defending the strength and the freedom of the trade unions, which must always remain in the forefront as the protectors of the workers' interests; carrying on the housing policy, which has provided since the war some hundreds of thousands of homes for the people; perfecting, as opportunity offers, our national systems of insurance and of education; devising productive works that will occupy unemployed labour while increasing the national resources; and cultivating good relations with all foreign countries, without exception, the effect of which would be seen in the growth of our commerce and trade.

I feel convinced that it is along these general lines that the next stage in our nation's onward march can best proceed. But there is one grave hindrance. Our Government no longer rests

The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, Chairman of the Liberal Party

effectively upon the will of the people. It is the theory of the Constitution that if a majority of the people favour a certain course they can elect a House of Commons to carry it into effect; if a majority object to a certain course they can vote against it at the polls, and it will be defeated.

Out-of-date theory

That is the theory, and until recent years it has been the practice. But of late there has been a change. The rise of a third Party has thrown the machinery of our electoral system out of gear.

In a particular constituency where there are three candidates a clear majority of the electors may wish to give support to the Liberal policy. But a large number of these may wish still more to turn out the present Government and to secure a progressive Administration of some sort; if the Labour candidate seems to have a better prospect of success than the Liberal, they will vote Labour.

A number may desire above all to prevent a Socialist Government being established in power; if they think the Conservative candidate is more likely than the Liberal to defeat Labour they will vote Conservative.

This is not the way to obtain a true expression of the will of the majority. Liberals regard it as essential that each elector should be able to show clearly what his real desires are, and that by a well-considered scheme—whether of proportional representation, of alternative vote, or of second ballot—those desires should have their proper weight.

No pretence to magic

Here, in brief space, I have endeavoured to suggest the chief points in the outlook of the Liberalism of to-day. The proposals are based upon principles which have stood the test of long experience, and have already rendered illustrious service to the nation. But the proposals themselves are suited to the times. They are being evolved under the influence of the actual needs of our own day.

They make no pretence to the magic of the philosopher's stone. They will not in a flash produce a new world in which there shall be no more poverty and no more sorrow. But, carefully elaborated, strongly pressed, and honestly enforced, they will, as the years go on, help to raise the whole life of our country to a higher level. And as it rises each man and woman in the nation will share in the ascent.

The Twilight of the Gods

by R. L. OUTHWAITE

THE Land Lords have, in the course of time, appropriated to themselves millions of acres of land which were once common lands held by the common people. These common lands used to be a main factor in the maintenance of Britain as an essentially agricultural nation.

If we wish to demolish the slums there is no quicker method available than to free the land. The land is the people's, even though at present only a few of the people get it. Why should not the people collect the rent of the land for their own use, thereby abolishing the need for all other rates and taxes?

R. L. Outhwaite

POLITICIANS, forced to satisfy popular demands, have devised a cunning method of casting the cost involved on to those least able to bear it. The rating system has provided the opportunity. Obviously where the poor live there are most children to be educated by public authority and most poor to be relieved, and the rateable value per head is lowest.

Where the richest live the converse maintains. Thus at West Ham, where workers live, the education rate for 1926–27 is 5s. 1½d. in the pound, the poor rate is 9s. 3d., and the total rate 24s. 4d. At Harrogate, the pleasure resort of the rich, the poor rate is 1s. 3½d., and the education rate 1s. 7½d., and the total rates 9s. 9d.

So it comes about that the "necessitous areas" are sinking into bankruptcy, and that they have had to borrow £16,000,000 to enable them to meet the burden of "relief of the poor," whilst the burden of the rates, by compelling the closing of industrial establishments, increases the number of those to be relieved.

To remedy this flagrant injustice, the Royal Commission on Local Taxation of 1901 reported that the cost of certain services that are essentially national in character should be transferred from the local authorities to the Exchequer, and found these to be education, poor relief, police, main roads and pauper lunatic asylums.

Striking object-lesson

This has not been done because Governments have not cared to face the issue of finding taxation to meet the cost. But further taxation is not needed.

In a recent issue of JOHN BULL Mr. Roffe Thompson solved the problem thus:

"Why should we allow the landlord to be a mere receiver of rent for land which he owns but does not use, land which he did not create, and which he prevents those who would and could from turning into national wealth? Could not the State receive the rent just as easily? . . . .

"That is the only problem, and it could be so easily solved if the State said: 'Keep your land, but the rent is so much.' If the rent was the true economic rent of the land, no man could afford for long to pay for idle acres for mere pride of ownership."

Let us take as an object-lesson a great industrial centre stricken by the rates, and see what would happen were the State to collect the "true economic rent of the land" and use a portion to remove the cost of national services from the rates.

A century ago Sheffield was a town of 30,000 inhabitants; to-day it is a mighty industrial hive of half a million. Over Attercliffe the smoke from the furnaces hangs so thick that it shuts out the sky and intensifies the squalour of the streets.

A century ago Attercliffe was a place of green fields through which the Don ran as a crystal stream. It was a portion of the 63,000 acres of common fields which in 1767 lay within twelve miles of the Sheffield Parish Church. In 1820 the Enclosure Award dealing with Attercliffe Common was passed by a House of Commons, a majority of which was elected by 500 landed proprietors.

"The Most Noble Charles, Duke of Norfolk," the Lord of the Manor of Sheffield, secured as his share of the plunder over sixty acres. In 1791 an Act was passed for "dividing and enclosing several commons, fields, waste grounds and mesne enclosures within the manor of Sheffield."

Six thousand acres were dealt with under this Act, and the Duke of Norfolk got as his share 1,393 acres. Two acres were allotted to the poor of Sheffield.

In the case of the thousand acres of common land enclosed at Eccleshall in 1779, the duke again got away with the bulk of the spoil. In 1821 the duke secured 7,000 acres out of 14,000 acres enclosed in the Chapelry of Bradfield within the manor of Sheffield.

Mean contribution

Now let us see how the "Lord of the Manor" of Sheffield fares under the rating system.

In 1912 there was an area of sixty-three acres of pasture-fields within a mile or so of the centre of the city. Though worth tens of thousands of pounds, it was rated as "agricultural" land and contributed about £20 to the City Exchequer.

I found that the Sheffield educational authority during the past thirty-eight years had spent £153,657 on sites for schools. £32,000 had been paid to the late Duke of Norfolk for twenty acres.

Of these, eleven acres, which cost £20,000, were "vacant," and as such had paid nothing to the rates. The other nine acres, which cost £12,000, rated as "agricultural land," contributed about £5 to the rates, or about as much as one cottager would then have paid.

So, too, the land was unrated as "vacant" which the Corporation secured from the duke for a tramway site at a rental which gave a capital value of approximately £120,000.

Had the true "economic rent" been collected from the Duke of Norfolk as tenant-in-chief of the Crown as he is in law, he would have paid £7,700 for these few acres instead of a few pounds.

As "owner" of one-seventh of the area of the city his total rent contribution would probably run into hundreds of thousands of pounds a year.

Startling picture

Now let us see how this strangled and plundered community fares in these dark days, and the change that would come were the people of the nation to make a start in rating reform.

A news item ran:

"About 32,000 people in Sheffield have not paid the rates levied in the latter half of 1923 and summonses have been issued against most of them. Another 10,000 people, who have only paid a portion of the rates, are paying the balance in weekly instalments.

"There are 30,000 unemployed in Sheffield and the guardians are in debt to the extent of £1,000,000."

Sheffield not long ago was described by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman as a "devastated area," where one-fifth of the population were "paupers." His analysis of the incidence of the rates showed that one-third was provided by "working-class cottages of less than £15 net rateable value."

The total rates to be levied for 1926–27 amount to 16s. 11d. in the pound. The education rate amounts to 3s. 6d., the poor rate to 5s. 9½d. These two national services account for half the rates and their transference to the land rent fund would reduce the total rates by one-half.

But it will be said, "How about the poor working man who has bought the site and built his home on it? Are you going to take his land rent?" Certainly, so that he shall pay pence where he now pays shillings on the annual value of cottage and site.

What a difference!

The average value of the site of a cottage assessed at £15 will be at most £50. If the owner were called upon to pay total ground rent, estimated at 5 per cent. on capital value, he would pay £2 10s. a year. He pays now at 16s. 11d. on £15 annual value of site and cottage, in round figures £12 10s. per year.

If the "true economic rent" of Britain were collected, all rates could be swept away and a vast surplus would remain for further relief.

But as for the most part the worker does not own the site of his cottage, and so would pay nothing in ground-rent, he would get relief in full. As well as taxation relief, his relief from the unemployment and low wages would be incalculable.

For when the "true economic rent" is collected there will be no idle land, and no share of the product of labour would go to pay rates and taxes which should be absorbed in higher wages.

The Committee on Industry and Trade, after sitting for two years, has just reported that in 1914 the rates at Sheffield, then 9s. 6d. in the pound, added 3s. per ton to the cost of crucible steel produced. In 1924 the rates having risen to 18s. 8d. in the pound, and the output having fallen, the rates added 21s. to the cost of steel.

Industry's slogan

The royalties on iron, coal and limestone used in making a ton of steel amount to 10s. per ton.

The chiefs of the engineering industry have been clamouring to be brought under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. The Safeguarding Act that is required is a Budget containing a clause requiring that those who claim to possess the land of Britain shall pay to the Crown the "true economic rent" of each portion they hold. The slogan for industry should be: "Collect the King's Rent, and abolish the King's Taxes."

The allocation of this vast common land rent fund to the local authorities per head of the population served by each would mean the regeneration of civic life through local and controllable administration.

It is because the workers fail to secure that land rent shall be collected and substituted for taxation levied on the processes and results of industry that they starve on doles and low wages, and that the moaning goes up from their hovels as the Twilight of the Gods falls upon England.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Your Leasehold Reform Bill is a niggling measure, which goes simply nowhere towards remedying the main abuses of the land system. But pray do not imagine that the subject can be shelved for ever. The public, in growing numbers, irrespective of Party, is sick and tired of the crushing land monopoly, which it knows to be a main cause of unemployment, misery and want. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—The Dudley Board of Guardians is the latest to decide that no unemployed workman shall receive Poor Law maintenance unless he consents to enter the workhouse. Is this a local decree or one of your patent "economies"? Either way it looks like a piece of cruelty.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General.

DEAR MR. ATTORNEY,—Cannot something be done to ease the burden of jury service in deserving cases? At the London Sheriff's Court the other day a juryman stated that he had been out of employment for several months, and had lost the chance of a job through having to serve on that day. Surely there should be exemption in such cases. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, G.C.M.G., Ex-Ambassador to America.

DEAR SIR AUCKLAND,—What is this mare's-nest you have discovered respecting anti-British propaganda in America? For one who has held so responsible a position to suggest that our cousins across the Atlantic are working for the overthrow of our Empire is mischievous nonsense. A few loud-mouthed, self-seeking politicians do not make up a nation. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD THOMSON, C.B.E., D.S.O., Ex-Labour Minister for Air.

DEAR SIR,—It is appalling to find that, after all the unspeakable tragedies of the last war, you "have come to the melancholy conclusion that there is only one way of resisting air-attack, and that the most ghastly of all methods, reprisals and counter-attack," whereby at a modest computation ten civilians for every soldier will perish. Happily, countless thousands are preparing a better way, by educating public opinion to the possibility of mutual disarmament. This is the way of Life. You preach the road to Death.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. E. W. BARNES, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham.

MY LORD,—You query if humanity will be swept away by its decreased power of resistance to disease, or whether man will conquer pain and death and prepare the way for a kingdom of God upon earth. The answer is clear. If humanity is destroyed it will be by its own insensate folly in inventing every year more dreadful means of destruction. The only way to prepare for the kingdom of God upon earth is by banishing war.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. J. COOK, Secretary, Miners' Federation.

DEAR SIR,—Since I have often had occasion to disagree with you, it gives me the more pleasure to congratulate you on a recent utterance. "Brains are better than bombs," you said; and proceeded to point out that it is education that counts. "Build and create," is a better slogan than some you have advocated. Sure success awaits any Party which travels along this road.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, K.B.E., M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—There are 842 male clerks in the Savings Bank Department, and 313 superior posts. On the female side there are 1,451 clerks and 124 higher posts. Why these two sides have their own line of advancement and why it is not possible to equalise the opportunities of advancement puzzles me. After all, women are enfranchised citizens, so why try to forget it?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES CALDER, Late Divisional Lt.-Inspector of Police, Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—Though we were told by a wit that a policeman's lot is not a happy one, for forty years you stuck to your post. In addition, you were commandant of the Caledonian Ambulance Brigade, and hold the St. Andrew's, King's Coronation and Caledonian Ambulance Medals. It is such as you who keep high the reputation of the force. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN E. TAYLOR, Green Street Green, Kent.

DEAR SIR,—You and your good wife are known locally as Hobbs and Sutcliffe, the "not outs," since you have just celebrated your 103rd birthday, and Mrs. Taylor is but one year your junior. You were married sixty-six years ago, and are looking forward to your radium wedding. It is claimed that you are the oldest couple in the world. May you live long enough to establish the claim beyond possibility of dispute.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. SHARP, Pencester Road, Dover.

DEAR MADAM,—Each January a great deal of suffering, both to human beings and animals, is caused by the inability of the poor to raise the money for dog licences. This you try to prevent in your district by running a Dog Licence Club, the members of which pay you twopence a week until the 7s. 6d. is raised. It is a splendid example, and if followed in other towns a lot of heartbreak might be saved. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM KEMP, Primrose Cottages, Hatfield.

DEAR SIR,—You are still interested in flowers and love to do a bit of gardening, although it is 105 years since you first opened your eyes at the time of primrose blooming. The span of human life is lengthening, and there is no more peaceful place for eventide than a garden. The pity is so many of our worthy old folk are cut off from this occupation. JOHN BULL.

To the MAGISTRATES, Willesden Police Court.

GENTLEMEN,—A grave miscarriage of justice has been perpetrated in your court. When John Butler, an ex-soldier who propels himself about in a bath-chair, was charged with having no rear-light on this vehicle you fined him £1. It is well-nigh incredible that a man who lost both legs in his country's service should move you to so little sympathy. For his own safety you might have warned him, but to fine such a man is atrocious.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR J. MARTIN: "It is time we took stock of the social experiments to which the country has been committed."

Better if we prevented the legislative failures which render such experiments necessary.

* * *

MR. B. SHIRLEY SMITH: "Life assurance is the best example of Socialism one can get."

Which is about as damning an indictment of Socialism as one can utter.

* * *

SIR GEORGE COURTHOPE, M.P.: "The farmer is in urgent need of better credit and easier access to working capital."

Plus an entirely different system of land tenure under which to farm.

* * *

SIR MALCOLM ROBERTSON: "I am not frightened of foreign competition if we can only get up and get busy."

And keep clear of foreign enmities that breed war and kill all possibility of trade.

HEE HAW!—The New St. George

Her Daintiness Attracts

EFFICIENCY in these days demands careful attention to every obvious detail—and nothing is more obvious than a clean mouth and a sweet breath, or the lack of them.

Successful business women breathe sweet daintiness. Many of them owe at least part of their success to Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Used consistently after meals Wrigley's keeps teeth clean, gums firm and breath sweet, removing all trace of eating or smoking. Refinement and efficiency both suggest Wrigley's—the sweet of good taste.

WRIGLEY'S

1d PER 4 PIECE PKT.

EH13

The Rivetter

Men as tough as steel

Men whose livelihood calls for strength of muscle, whose job demands supreme steadiness of nerve, whose income depends upon their ability to withstand exposure to all weathers, favour a pure, wholesome food like Shredded Wheat. It isn't the dainty dish (that does little more than appeal to the palate) that helps them to wield a heavy hammer, to handle ear-splitting drills, to drive an engine at 60 miles per hour.

Facts and figures prove conclusively that more Shredded Wheat is sold in working-class districts than anywhere else. This simple, sound cereal provides the best start for the day for all who have eight hours work to pack into an eight-hour day. It is for the man of industry, the man of action, the man of energy. It is rich in proteins, minerals, vitamins, calories. Because there's a lot in it you get a lot out of it. Make Shredded Wheat a daily habit—and profit as thousands do.

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EIGHTPENCE
(In U.K. only)

If you have never yet tried Shredded Wheat write to The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd. (Dept. 26) Welwyn Garden City, Herts., for a free trial packet

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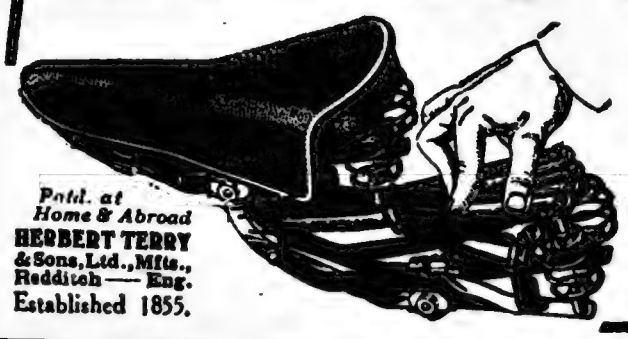

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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE THREE-CARD TRICK

WINSTON'S LAST WANGLE

A Long Sight Too Clever

IF Mr. Winston Churchill had been a director of a City company he would probably by now have been forced to resign by his shareholders.

His Budget is not so much a Budget as a financial trick. There are men to-day walking just within the law who are doing very much what Mr. Churchill has done, but with the difference that the money they are misappropriating belongs to private individuals, whereas Mr. Churchill is in the happy position of being able to play ducks and drakes with money that belongs to the nation as a whole, without any personal interest in the matter whatever.

When he became Chancellor of the Exchequer he was left by his predecessor with a definite surplus of £10,000,000, and on top of that he gave his own promise that he would reduce expenditure by a similar amount each year.

In 1925, he had increased expenditure by £30,323,000. In 1926, his expenditure had grown still further from £826,100,000 to £842,395,027. So much for Mr. Churchill's pledge of economy, for the coal stoppage was only an incident.

The serious part of Mr. Churchill's mishandling of national finances is not so much what he is doing or leaving undone this year as the depressing prospect that opens out before the taxpayer for next year.

By a number of ingenious, if not audacious, devices Mr. Churchill has succeeded in laying his hands on enough money to wipe out a deficit of some £30,000,000. He has done it by juggling with figures, and by raiding funds which were obtained for quite other purposes, and to which he has no right.

HE will not be able to do it again. His successor will not be able to do it again. It is the sort of "windfall" that can only occur once. Once you have got money like that you have got it, and you cannot get it any more.

Next year, Mr. Churchill or his successor will still have to raise these extra £30,000,000, and there will be no road fund surplus to raid. There will be no more of the odds and ends, the tricks and the subterfuges that have enabled the Budget to be, in appearance at any rate, balanced.

We do not propose to go into any great detail, but will content ourselves with placing on record the fact that the Government that was pledged not to introduce Protection, pledged not even to smuggle it in by the back door, has openly imposed quite a severe measure of protection in the Budget.

And so another pledge has been broken by a Government with whom pledges have become matters of very small moment indeed.

No substantial economy has been effected. Not even the shadow of any substantial economy has been suggested. Nobody knows what the bill for the Chinese adventure will be when it is presented, and no provision has been made for meeting it when it comes in.

The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, the cleverest financial juggler of modern times.

WAR, as usual, is at the bottom of all the trouble. We are arming, and arming, and arming, as though somewhere within gunshot of our shores was the biggest naval menace that we have yet encountered.

There never will be, and there never can be, any real economy in our national finances until the armament octopus has its tentacles cut.

As well fling the national income into the North Sea as pour it out in an ever-increasing flow for the self-satisfaction of the military and naval theorists.

The Chancellor's most dismal failure is that he has failed to make the slightest inroad on this swollen and totally unnecessary expenditure.

Mr. Churchill's effort is a very clever financial trick, but it is not a Budget. If there is one bright spot in it, it is that he has got his country's finances into such a hopeless mess that in a very short time there will have to be a drastic system of taxation of land values if the situation is to be saved.

Paradoxical though it may seem, we may yet have to regard Mr. Churchill as a pioneer!

"JOHN BULL" WINS AGAIN!

An End to Share-Shark Roguery

Viscount Cave, Lord Chancellor

ANOTHER of John Bull's campaigns against fraud and dishonesty is rapidly nearing success.

For years we have protested against the ease with which, under the existing company law, members of the public can be fleeced. We have written hundreds of articles, giving instances of bogus companies, giving details of cases where men and women with just a little money to invest have been ruthlessly robbed. We have told of those who have been induced to part with their savings in the purchase of worthless shares and left to face old age penniless.

Of recent years the evil has increased to scandalous proportions, as the pages of John Bull continually bear witness. So lax is the law, and so many the loopholes through which the unscrupulous can escape, that bogus share-mongering has become as profitable as a flourishing gold-mine.

Ex-convicts, released after long imprisonment for fraud, take to it as a duck takes to water. Undischarged bankrupts can float a company, run it into bankruptcy, float another, and so on *ad infinitum*, bleeding confiding investors all the time with comparative immunity.

Notorious and fraudulent company promoters are able, by the simple device of putting forward paid nominees to act as "directors," to deliberately work their shareholders to disaster behind the scenes, and keep as many as thirty or forty such concerns actually going at one time.

Nor is the possession of money necessary to start this interesting game. If a *bona-fide* company goes out of business it is quite easy for a company promoter to go to Somerset House, pay a trifling fee, and "resuscitate" the concern for the purpose of changing its name and offering through its medium worthless shares.

Many a company with a registered "nominal capital" of many thousands has in reality no cash at all. Sometimes a few pounds, often but a few shillings, in actual capital is all that is available.

ALL this we have known for years, have constantly exposed in the pages of John Bull, and have never ceased hammering at the doors of the Board of Trade, beseeching them, in the interests of justice, to act.

Now, at last, something is to be done. The Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Viscount Cave will end the ramp for ever.

Under its provisions all traffic in worthless shares is suppressed. Share hawking, by personal canvassing from door to door, is forbidden. Abridged prospectuses—*i.e.*, brief statements which omit essential facts concerning the business in which shares are offered—are made illegal.

Those who try to sell, by any means, worthless shares are liable to heavy fines and imprisonment, and "directors" who deliberately lead companies into disaster by negligence or default will be held personally responsible.

These are great and far-reaching benefits, and the Government is to be congratulated. At the same time we ourselves take no small credit for persistent publication of the facts that are bringing them about.

Elephants in the Sky

by A. G. GARDINER

WAR in the air is the bogey now being held up. Whilst this frightener can be sustained, the country will be bled by costly experiments. Calm consideration, however, will show how utterly absurd are the dreams of the air-war mongers

The Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P., C.M.G., Secretary of State for Air

THE bombshell which has been flung into the aviation world has created such a smother and smoke that it may be useful to try to clarify the atmosphere and the issue. Nothing could be farther removed from sensationalism than the scientific and statistical method of the writer of "The Great Delusion." He brings the whole problem of aviation to the touchstone of plain and irrefutable principles, and examines it in the light of cold facts.

The implication of "The Great Delusion" is that not this country only, but the whole world, has gone stark mad on the subject of flying. Common-sense has ceased to function, facts have lost their significance, and it has become almost an act of treason to doubt or to think.

The field has been left clear to the propagandists of the air, and the wildest dreams have been accepted, unexamined, as if they were ascertained and assured results.

Devastating attack

The public mind has been saturated with the idea that civil aviation is going to provide world-wide transport which will bring India within three or four days of us and Australia within a week or so, that the Mercantile Marine will be largely superseded by gas-bags in the air, and that air communication will be as precise as a railway time-table.

As for war, it will henceforth be decided in the air, and ships and armies will become more and more subsidiary to the aeroplane. In the pursuit of these illusions the money of the taxpayer is being poured out like water and the colossal failures in every theatre of aviation are disregarded.

Against this avalanche of nonsense "The Great Delusion" delivers a devastating broadside that leaves the myth in fragments. It is as destructive in regard to the aeroplane as it is in regard to the airship, and it damns both as emphatically for civil purposes as for military.

An expensive joke

Tested by the principles of transport and navigation the airship fails at every point. It is at the mercy of the air-currents, and may be hundreds of miles out of its reckoning in a few hours. In the Polar flight of *Norge I.*, the airship found itself 120 miles south of the Gulf of Finland when it was supposed to be north of the Gulf.

In a thunderstorm the monster is helpless; in a contrary current it may use all its fuel without making a mile of progress; it has no stability in the air and is unmanageable on land; it has neither harbourage nor anchorage; and if the world were strewn with hangars bigger than Waterloo Station and higher than the Nelson column they would not serve for the airship in distress.

Commercially the airship is a gigantic joke. Its utmost load is so trivial that the operational cost alone would be at the rate of £1,200 per ton or 8d. an ounce. The ordinary shipping rate to America is under £5 a ton. No time-table can be kept, for when an airship has left port its future is as incalculable as the winds.

The grotesque futility of the airship was proved in the war and has been confirmed by everything that has happened since. The Germans launched sixty-one Zeppelins. Of these seventeen were destroyed by the enemy, twenty-eight were lost by accidents, six were put out of service as useless.

Our own post-war experience has been no better. We have spent millions on airships, all of which have come to grief, most of them after less than one hundred hours in the air.

The case of the aeroplane is hardly less profligate. The cost to the taxpayer of every mile flown by the Imperial Airways is 3s. 4½d., and each minute of R.A.F. flying adds £2 to the taxes. Every pound of freight carried in an aeroplane costs as much per mile as a ton carried by train.

Grotesque disparity

The grotesque disparity between cost and result is illustrated by the R.A.F. flight from Cairo to the Cape and the Cape to London. At vast cost four machines conveyed eight persons 14,000 miles in fourteen days, giving *an average speed of* 5 *m.p.h.*

With the same horse-power, but at trifling cost, two tramp-steamers could have conveyed 4,600 tons of cargo a similar distance in *half the time.*

But it is not only the wild extravagance of the aeroplane itself. In long-distance work it is dependent on surface craft. The Round-the-World flight of the American Air Service fliers *took six months*, and while the flyers travelled 20,000 miles the attendant ships of the U.S. navy steamed 87,000 miles to make the achievement possible.

But it will be said that, however absurd as a commercial vehicle the aeroplane may be, it is vital in war. "The next war will be fought in the air" has become almost an axiom of the hot gospellers of the air. Yet the experience of the Great War was that the aeroplane was an unreliable weapon, ineffective and unprofitable.

Aeroplane reconnaissance is so unreliable that, according to Mr. Bonar Law, the great German attack on March 21, 1918, was not suspected by our headquarters until two days before.

Startling wastage

The American experience in the war was that an air squadron was wiped out in a month—everybody was killed, wounded or missing. Sir Hugh Trenchard estimates the wastage of aeroplanes in war at 80 or 90 per cent. per month.

Every pilot with an average life of a month in war costs £2,000 in training alone. The cost is hair-raising, for every aeroplane on service needs eighty-four men retained on the ground.

And for this vast expenditure in life and money the results are microscopic. Bombing from the air is so absurdly inaccurate as to be worthless. Indiscriminate bombing of civil populations is not only a crime against international law, but is futile because it angers the victims more than it frightens them.

What are the conclusions to be drawn from this exposure? The first is that the public expenditure on that completely exploded joke, the airship, should cease. The next is that the problem of the aeroplane should be brought out of the realm of illusion and examined like any other problem on plain business principles.

Since the war we have spent 158 millions of public money on flying, and at the end we have only one aeroplane for every thirty-six we had then. Such unexampled profligacy must be brought to judgment.

It is not this country alone that is suffering from this raging insanity. All countries are demented alike, and the Disarmament Conference should not separate without having found a cure for the most frenzied craze in history.

Below will be found a striking example of how the public is exploited to the advantage of privileged individuals

A Peer who

WHO has not heard of the famous "Golden Mile"? It has been quoted in the Press and on platforms for over half a century. It has a personal as well as a political interest for me, because the railway line of which it forms a part had its origin at Tredegar, my birthplace.

D. J. Vaughan, C.C.

It was first a narrow-gauge tramway, with horse trams, carrying products from the Tredegar Iron Works to Newport, twenty-one miles, returning with goods and food. My great-uncle was a contractor, supplying and driving horses one journey a day, and many were the tales I listened to when a small boy.

When we came to live at Newport a few years ago, we pitched our tent almost overlooking what is now the railway, with six separate pairs of rails.

In 1792, an Act of Parliament authorised certain capitalists to lay a tram road from Tredegar to Newport.

The whole of the twenty-one miles was specifically exempted from rates, in order, so it is stated, to encourage private enterprise.

One mile of this tramway ran through what is known as Lord Tredegar's Park, and was laid at his predecessor's expense.

In 1848, an Act was passed giving the rating authorities power to exact rates from the railway, but excluding "The Mile" from paying rates.

A FEW public-spirited men protested, and, at last, in 1883, a Parliamentary Committee was appointed. The evidence showed that four million tons of traffic passed over the railway annually, bringing to Lord Tredegar an estimated revenue of £10,000 per year from this mile alone.

In 1889, the Monmouthshire County Council had come into existence, and, after some agitation, a move was made to get rates paid upon this Golden Mile.

Lord Tredegar, however, refused to entertain any idea of assessment, but offered the sum of £200 a year as "an act of grace."

Why was It Hushed Up?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE scandal of Erribol Farm has been hushed up. No great daily newspaper has had either the interest or the courage to expose it. Yet if anything ever wanted daylight letting into it, here it is

THERE has been no scandal over Erribol. No great national newspaper has thundered forth its indignation against one of the slimmest tricks that a Government department has ever played.

No one has lost his job over Erribol, and the public is left in ignorance about a transaction which concerns it very nearly, and which in the method of performance left a great deal to be desired.

It is only public money that has been thrown away. It is only a few poor devils of ex-Service men who have been victimised. Nobody knows, and therefore nobody cares.

It is true that the matter has been raised at some length in the House of Commons. Mr. Tom Johnston and Major Sir A. Sinclair have both been at some pains to get the truth out of the Scottish Board of Agriculture, but they have not done more than persuade Sir John Gilmour, the Secretary of State for Scotland, to make a number of rather evasive statements which leave the question in the same unsatisfactory state.

The story of Erribol Farm is the story of a scandal.

Consisting of 32,100 acres which were bought in 1919 by the Scottish Board of Agriculture to provide holdings for ex-Service men, the Government paid £12,000 for the estate.

Two years later the Government purchased the sheep stock of the late tenant for £43,295, and in addition paid £1,815 for other stock. This made a total expenditure on stock of £45,110.

Getting the wind up

By 1922 seven holdings had been provided and other holdings had been enlarged whereby some 5,500 acres were absorbed, leaving the Scottish Board of Agriculture with some 26,550 acres and the sheep on its hands.

Before I go any further let me make the position quite clear.

Erribol Farm was Government land, national land, land belonging to the people of Great Britain, bought for the express purpose of providing employment, and productive employment at that, for a number of ex-Service men.

When, owing to a fall in market values, the sheep began to fall in price, the Board of Agriculture, in vulgar language, began to get the wind up.

It could quite easily have given financial facilities to the ex-Service men of Erribol to enable them to take over these sheep and run the farm on a co-operative basis.

Scandalous dealing

"There is not a single case," says Sir Archibald Sinclair, "in which money has been advanced for forming a sheep stock raising club in which the men have failed to meet their obligations."

The Government, therefore, could have proceeded with all confidence to make the position of these ex-Service men secure. It did not do anything of the sort. It offered to sell the sheep to sixteen applicants for £17,265—cash!

I suppose Sir John Gilmour, Secretary of State for Scotland, was surprised when sixteen impoverished smallholders of ex-Service men could not lay their hands on this enormous sum of money. It would entirely convince him that they were a shiftless and good-for-nothing lot, not worth helping.

In any case, whatever his private thoughts may have been, he promptly put both the sheep and the estate up for auction. He does this twice, without securing any bidders.

Then comes the scandal. A private bidder, whose name has not even now been disclosed to the House of Commons, offers him £10,000 for the estate and agrees to buy the sheep at what farmers call a Martinmas valuation.

Without going into intricate agricultural details, this means a reduction in the value of the sheep stock by something like 33⅓ per cent.

The stock, therefore, was sold for just over £9,000 to a private bidder—the same stock, mark you, for which the small-holding applicants were asked to pay £17,265.

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, M.P., D.S.O., Secretary of State for Scotland

I think the public is entitled to very definite answers to some very definite questions.

Why did Sir John Gilmour sell land which belonged to the State, and why did he sell it to a private individual at very considerable loss?

Why did he invite the smallholders to put down over £17,000 for the stock and then dispose of it to a private farmer for less than £10,000?

Thrown on the scrap-heap

I think above all the public is entitled to be told without delay the name of this private farmer.

What possible excuse can Sir John Gilmour give for selling for some £23,000 national property for which some £56,000 were paid?

There still remains, despite the gravity of these questions, one more question hardly less grave.

Here are a number of ex-Service men on whose behalf the Government undertook a definite obligation. They have now been thrown on the scrap-heap once more by the selling of Erribol Farm over their heads. Yet the Government is under definite obligation to these men. What is it going to do about it?

If it has any sense of honour left it cannot evade so deliberately its definite promise to them.

According to the Glasgow *Forward*, Sutherlandshire, where Erribol Farm is situated, has a waiting list of 1,055 applicants for small holdings—just one more indication of the terrible land hunger that is gnawing like a canker at the heart of Britain.

Yet Sir John Gilmour calmly sells Erribol Farm to an unknown private bidder, and cares nothing that the State is £30,000 the poorer by the transaction!

Driven off the land

He cannot even plead that the smallholders settled on Scotland's land have proved failures, since the failures account for only 2 per cent.

We are spending thousands of pounds in settling or attempting to settle what we have the nerve to call our "surplus" population in Canada and Australia.

Well, it costs £1,500 to install a new settler in Australia.

Why should we drive the best of Britain's manhood out of the land of their birth when we could settle them on British land at less than half this cost?

This is the tale of Erribol Farm. It is the tale of a scandal. Nobody has lost his job over it, but somebody ought to.

Somebody would have lost his job had the British public ever wakened to the fact that the land of Britain is their land and that they have a very direct interest in what happens to it.

Wouldn't Pay

by D. J. VAUGHAN, C.C.

A member, Thomas Jones, proposed that this offer be refused, and that "The Mile" should be assessed upon the income in the usual way. He was defeated, and a resolution was passed, accepting his lordship's offer, "with the best thanks" of the County Council.

THERE the matter was left for thirty-six years. In 1919, before the Sankey Commission, the present Lord Tredegar admitted receiving an income from "The Mile" of £19,000 per annum. He stated that he considered this "a fair return" upon the expenditure.

One would think that even if the contribution of £200 a year was fair thirty-six years ago, it should have been increased annually as the traffic increased enormously.

Further, and in addition, the rates in the county were then 4½d. in the pound. They are now fifteen times as much, and admitting that £200 was correct then, it should obviously be fifteen times more now—£3,000 per annum.

Nothing of the kind; £200 has been paid and accepted every year "with the best thanks" of the council.

Here endeth a chapter of public exploitation, surely unsurpassed.

I am now a member of the Monmouthshire County Council, and in October last, I had the pleasurable adventure of proposing that a committee be set up to enquire into, and report upon, the rating of the Golden Mile Railway.

Notwithstanding its mild nature, only the Labour members supported the resolution.

We are carrying on our investigations. The committee made me its chairman. We find they have dug themselves in extraordinarily well.

Lord Tredegar, two years ago, sold the railway, lock, stock and barrel, to the G.W.R. Co.

We shall, at any rate, report what ought to have been done, what the ratepayers have lost through this scandalous injustice, and what ought to be done to end it.

"IN Sunshine Ward" does not appear this week owing to Mr. Philip Inman having had to undergo a sudden operation. Our readers will be glad to hear that the operation was successful, and that Mr. Inman is now on the road to recovery. "In Sunshine Ward" will, we hope, appear as usual next week.

MR. JUSTICE KRUSCHEN IN THE HYGIENIC COURT OF JUSTICE

"You have no right to be ill!"

All preventable illness is a crime—

a crime against yourself, your family and your race.

Listen. There would be practically no illness in this world if people troubled to keep themselves clean and regular inside. Colds, influenza, headaches and all rheumatic troubles would vanish. Good health and abundant energy would be the order of every day.

There is one safe, sure step to internal cleanliness—the little daily dose of Kruschen Salts, a farthingsworth a day—and in a civilized age it's everyone's duty to take that step.

Kruschen Salts

prevent constipation and rheumatism

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must have to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up, but which you can't get in Nature's own way without abundant exercise and fresh air. You must have those six salts *every day*; hence the importance of the "little daily dose." Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. *It's the little daily dose that does it.*

TASTELESS IN TEA.

THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN!

The White Slaver

IT is safer to tread on an angry rattlesnake than to annoy Manfred, Gonsalez and Poiccart. The "Four Just Men"—just but merciless—have an uncanny knack of making the punishment fit the crime

MR. LEVINGROU took his long cigar from his mouth and shook his head sorrowfully. He was a fat man, thick-necked and heavy-cheeked, and could not afford to spoil a good cigar.

"That is awful . . . that is brutal! The lash! Tch! It makes me sick. . . . Poor Jose!"

His companion snorted in sympathy.

For Jose Silva had fallen. An unemotional judge had told Jose that certain crimes were very heinous.

For example, women were held in special esteem, and to trade on their follies was regarded as being so dreadful that nothing but a nine-thonged whip could vindicate the law's outraged majesty.

And Jose had offended beyond forgiveness. He ran the Latin-American Artists Agency, to give young and pretty aspirants to the stage a quick and profitable engagement on South American stages. They went away full of joy and they never came back.

Letters came from them to their relations, very correctly worded, nicely spelt. They were, they said, happy. They all wrote the same in almost identical language. You might imagine that they wrote to dictation, as indeed they did.

But the morality squad had got on Jose's trail. A pretty girl applied for a job and went to Buenos Ayres, accompanied by her father and brother. They were both Scotland Yard men, and when they learnt all that they had to learn they came back with the girl, a rather shrewd detective herself, and Jose was arrested.

And then they learnt more things about him, and the eighteen months' hard labour and the twenty-five lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails were inevitabilities. Brutal—but then so is a surgical operation.

NOBODY arrested Jules Levingrou and haled him from his beautiful little bijou house in Knightsbridge and tied him up to a steel triangle.

And nobody arrested Heinrich Luss, who was his partner. They had financed Jose and many other Joses; but they were clever.

"Jose was careless," sighed Jules.

Heinrich sighed too. He was as fat as his companion, but looked fatter because he was shorter.

Jules looked round the pretty saloon, with its cream and gold decorations, and presently his eyes stopped roving and fixed on a framed photograph that was on the mantelpiece.

His big face creased in a smile as he rose with a grunt and, waddling across to the fireplace, took the frame in his hand. The picture was of an extremely pretty girl.

"You see?"

Heinrich took the picture and mumbled ecstatic praise. "Not goot enough," he said.

Mr. Levingrou agreed. He had never yet seen a picture that quite did justice to the delicate beauty of this only daughter of his.

He was a widower; his wife had died when Valerie was a baby. She would never know how many hearts were broken, how many souls destroyed, that she might be brought up in the luxury which surrounded her.

This aspect of her upbringing never occurred to Mr. Levingrou. He had no sentiment.

He was part proprietor of twenty-three cabarets and dance-halls scattered up and down the Argentine and Brazil, and drew large profits from what he regarded as a perfectly legitimate business.

He put down the photograph and came back to the deep armchair.

"It is unfortunate about Jose; but these men come and go. This new man may or may not be good."

"What is his name?" asked Heinrich.

JULES searched breathlessly in his pockets, found a letter and opened it, his thick fingers glittering in the light from the crystal chandelier, for he was a lover of rings.

"Leon Gonsalez—herr Gott!"

Heinrich was sitting upright in his chair, white as a sheet.

"Name of a pipe! What is the matter with you, Heinrich?"

"Leon Gonsalez!" repeated the other huskily. "You think he is an applicant for the post. . . . You do not know him?"

Jules shook his huge head.

"Why, in God's name, should I know him? He is a Spaniard—that is enough for me. This is always the way, Heinrich. No sooner does one of our men make a fool of himself and get caught than another arises. To-morrow I shall have twenty, thirty, fifty applicants—not to me, but through the usual channel."

Heinrich was looking at him hollow-eyed, and now in his agitation he spoke in German.

"Let me see the letter." He took it in his hand and read it carefully.

"He asks for an appointment."

"Have you ever heard of the Four Just Men?"

Jules frowned. "They are dead, eh? I read something years ago."

"They are alive," said the other grimly; "pardoned by the English Government. They have a bureau in Curzon Street."

Rapidly he sketched the history of that strange organisation which for years had terrorised the evildoers and, as he spoke, the face of Jules Levingrou lengthened.

"But that is preposterous!" he spluttered at last. "How could these men know of me and of you. . . . Besides, they dare not."

Before Heinrich could reply there was a gentle knock at the door and a footman came in. There was a card on the salver he carried in his hand. Jules took it, adjusted his glasses and read, meditated a second, and then:

"Show him up," he said.

"LEON Gonsalez," almost whispered Heinrich as the door closed on the servant. "Do you see a little silver triangle at the corner of the card? That is on the door of their house. It is he!"

"Pshaw!" scoffed his companion. "He has come—why? To offer his services. You shall see!"

Leon Gonsalez, grey-haired and dapper, swung into the room, his keen, ascetic face tense, his fine eyes alive. A ready smiler was Leon.

Levingrou was on his guard; there was something of the cold devil in those smiling eyes.

"To what am I indebted,——" he began.

"I come in a perfectly friendly spirit." Leon's smile broadened, his eyes were twinkling, as with suppressed laughter.

"I have come to warn you that your wicked little business must be destroyed, or you will be made very unhappy. The police do not yet

by Edgar Wallace

"They came to him at three in the morning and pricked him with an hypodermic needle"

know of the Café d'Espagnol and its peculiar attractions."

He dived into his overcoat pocket, and, with the quick, jerky motion which was characteristic of him, produced a sheet of notepaper and unfolded it.

"I have here a list of thirty-two girls who have gone to one or other of your establishments during the past two years," he said.

"You may read it," and he thrust the paper into Jules' hand, "for I have a copy. You will be interested to know that that sheet of paper represents six months' enquiries."

Jules did not so much as read a name. Instead, he shrugged, pushed the paper back to his visitor, and, when Leon did not take it, dropped it on the floor.

"I am entirely in the dark," he said. "If you have no business with me you had better go. Good-night."

"My friend"—Leon's voice was a little lower—"you will send cables to your managers, ordering the release of those girls, the payment of adequate compensation, and a first-class return-ticket to London."

LEVINGROU shrugged. "I really don't know what you mean, my friend. It seems to me you've come upon a cock-and-bull story—that you have been deceived."

M. Jules Levingrou reached out deliberately and pressed an ivory bell-push.

"I think you are mad, therefore I will take a very charitable view of what you say. Now, my friend, we have no more time to give to you."

But Leon Gonsalez was unperturbed.

"I can only imagine that you have no imagination, Monsieur Levingrou," he said, a little curtly. "But you do not realise the torture, the sorrow, the ghastly degradation into which you throw these sisters of ours."

A gentle tap at the door, and the footman entered. M. Levingrou indicated his visitor with a wave of his hand. "Show this gentleman to the door."

If he expected an outburst he was pleasantly disappointed. Leon looked from one man to the other, that mocking smile of his still playing about the corners of his sensitive mouth, then, without a word, turned and the door closed on him.

"YOU heard—you heard?" Heinrich's voice was quivering with terror, his face the colour of dirty chalk. "Herr Gott! you don't understand, Jules! I know of these men. A friend of mine . . ."

He told a story that would have impressed most men; but Levingrou smiled.

"You are scared, my poor friend. You have not my experience of threats. Let him prove what he can and go to the police."

"You fool!" Heinrich almost howled the words. "The police! Do I not tell you they want no proof? They punished——"

"Hush!" growled Jules.

He had heard the girl's step in the hall. She was going to the theatre, she said. Her explanation stopped short at the sight of Heinrich's white face.

"Daddy," she said reproachfully, "you've been quarrelling with Uncle Heinrich."

"No quarrel, my darling. Heinrich is scared of a business deal. You wouldn't imagine he could be such a baby."

A minute later she stood in front of the fireplace, using a lipstick skilfully. She paused in the operation to tell him an item of news.

"I met such a nice man to-day, daddy, at Lady Athery's, a Mr. Gordon—do you know him?"

"I know many Mr. Gordons," smiled Jules. And then, in sudden alarm, "He didn't make love to you, did he?"

She laughed at this. "My dear, he's almost as old as you. And he's a great artist and very amusing."

Jules walked with her to the door and saw her go down the steps, cross the little flagged garden, and stood there until her Rolls had passed out of sight.

* * *

It was a gay party of young people about her own age that Valerie joined. The box was crowded.

She was relieved when an attendant beckoned her out. "A gentleman to see you, miss."

"To see me?" she said in wonder, and came into the vestibule to find a handsome, middle-aged man in evening dress.

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea you were here!"

He seemed unusually grave. "I have some rather bad news for you, Miss Levingrou," he said.

"Not about father?"

"In a sense it is. I am afraid that he is in rather bad trouble."

She frowned at this. "Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"I can't explain here. Will you come with me to the police station?"

She stared at him incredulously. "The police station?"

Gordon summoned a waiting attendant. "Get Miss Levingrou's cloak from the box," he said authoritatively.

A few minutes later they passed out of the theatre together and into a waiting car.

* * *

TWELVE o'clock was striking when Mr. Levingrou rose from his chair stiffly and stretched himself. Heinrich had been gone nearly three hours. He had, indeed, left the house in time to catch the last train for the Continent, whither he fled without even packing so much as a pocket-handkerchief.

Unaware of this desertion, Mr. Levingrou was on the point of mounting the stairs to bed when a thundering rat-tat shook the house. He turned to the footman.

"See who that is," he growled.

When the door was opened he saw the stocky figure of a police inspector.

"Levingrou?" asked the visitor.

(Continued on page 21.)

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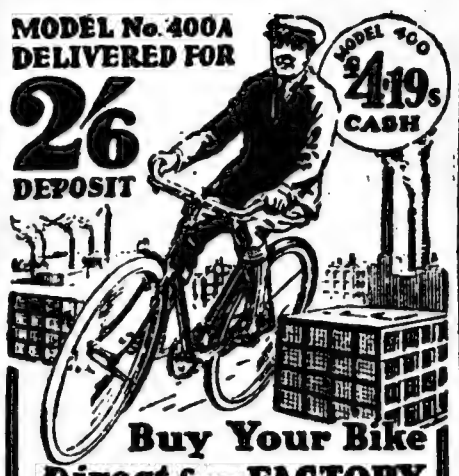

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The WHITE SLAVER *continued*

M. Levingrou came forward. "That is my name," he said.

The inspector strolled into the hall. "I want you to come with me to the police station." His manner was brusque, indeed rude, and Levingrou felt for the first time in his life a qualm of fear.

"The police station? Why?"

"I'll explain that to you when you get there."

"But this is monstrous!" exploded the stout man. "I will telephone to my lawyers——"

"Are you going quietly?" There was such a threat in the tone that Jules became instantly tractable.

Manfred

"Very good, inspector, I will come. I think you have made a very great mistake and . . ." He was hustled out of the hall, down the steps and into the waiting car.

It was not an ordinary taxicab. The blinds were pulled down. Moreover, he discovered as soon as he entered the interior that it was well occupied. Two men sat on seats facing him; the inspector took his place by the prisoner's side.

He could not see where the car was going. Five minutes, ten minutes passed. There should be a police station somewhere nearer than that. He put a question.

"I can relieve your mind," said a calm voice. "You are not going to a police station."

"Then where am I being taken?"

"That you will discover," was the unsatisfactory answer.

Nearly an hour passed before the car drew up before a dark house and the authoritative "inspector" ordered him curtly to alight. The house had the appearance of being untenanted; the hall was littered with refuse and dust.

They led him down a flight of stone stairs to the cellar, unlocked a steel door and pushed him inside.

He had hardly entered before an electric lamp in the wall glowed dimly, and he saw that he was in what looked to be a concrete chamber, furnished with a bed. At the farther end was a small open doorway, innocent of a door, which he was informed led to a washing place.

But the revelation which came to M. Levingrou, and which struck terror to his soul, was the fact that the two men who had brought him were heavily masked—the inspector had disappeared, and, try as he did, Jules could not remember what he looked like.

"You will stay here and keep quiet, and you need not be afraid that anybody will be alarmed by your disappearance."

"But—my daughter!" stammered Levingrou in terror.

"Your daughter? Your daughter leaves for the Argentine with a Mr. Gordon to-morrow morning—as other men's daughters have left."

Levingrou stared, took one step forward and fell fainting to the floor.

* * *

Sixteen days passed; sixteen days of unadulterated hell for the shrieking, half-demented man who paced the length of his cell for hours on end till, exhausted, he dropped almost lifeless on his bed.

Gonsales

And every morning came a man in a mask to tell him of plans that had been made, to describe in detail the establishment in Antofagasta which was to be the destination of Valerie Levingrou; of a certain piestro—they showed him his photograph—who was the master of that hell broth.

"You devils! You devils!" shrieked Levingrou, striking wildly out; but the other caught him and flung him back on the bed.

"You mustn't blame Gordon," he mocked. "He has his living to earn. He is merely the agent of the man who owns the cabaret."

Then one morning, the eighteenth, they came and told him, three masked men, that Valerie had arrived and was being initiated into her duties as a dancing girl.

Poiccart

Jules Levingrou spent the night shivering in a corner of his cell. They came to him at three in the morning and pricked him with a hypodermic needle.

When he woke, he thought he was dreaming, for he was sitting in his own salon, where those masked men had carried him in the dead of night.

A footman came in, and dropped the tray at the sight of him. "Good God, sir!" he gasped. "Where did you come from?"

Levingrou could not speak; he could only shake his head.

"We thought you was in Germany, sir."

And then, clearing his dry throat, Jules asked harshly: "Is there any news? Miss Valerie?"

"Miss Valerie, sir?" The footman was astonished. "Why, yes, sir, she's upstairs asleep. She was a bit worried the night she came back and found you weren't here, and then, of course, she got your letter saying you'd been called abroad."

The footman was staring at him, an uncomfortable wonder in his gaze. Something peculiar had happened. Jules rose unsteadily to his feet and caught a glance of his face in the mirror. His hair and his beard were white.

He staggered rather than walked to his writing-table, jerked open a drawer and took out a foreign telegraph form.

"Ring for a messenger." His voice was hoarse and quavering. "I want to send fourteen cablegrams to South America."

Next week Manfred, Gonsalez and Poiccart bring a rogue to bay who thought he was safe—until the "Four Just Men" demonstrated to him how even the best-laid plans can go wrong.

The Queer Ways of Women

by JOHN MARCHANT

A FEW weeks ago an old man appeared in a Liverpool police court charged with begging. From the dock he whined out a plea that he had no "dole," no pension, and no work. But he had forgotten that he had been searched.

A police-officer went into the witness-box and produced a letter which had been found in his possession.

It was from the manager of a bank in Ireland and it told the "penniless" vagrant that his balance was a thousand and a few odd pounds.

One does not suspect the average beggar of the streets and highways of possessing a four-figure bank balance, any more than one suspects the average five-pounds-a-week clerk of owning the house in which he lives.

BUT it is absolutely certain that the average beggar does make a living out of his trade, and a fairly comfortable living at that. He toils not neither does he spin. At best he is a parasite; at his frequent worst he is a dangerous pest.

And nothing but the idiotic "charity" of women keeps him going. If women could be persuaded to stop giving away money in the street for a month, the tribe of beggars would vanish.

Watch any beggar you like for half an hour or so. You will find that a dozen women make him presents of ready cash for every man who does so.

Every now and then a man who has come out without any matches will annoy the poor beggar very seriously by insisting on buying one of the two or three boxes he is pretending to want to sell.

But if a woman passes and does not subscribe to the great cause of enabling a fellow-creature to dodge work, you can be fairly certain it is because she has done her bit further down the road.

THERE are no class distinctions about this business of financing the idle. All sorts and conditions of women do it.

The duchess is just as ready to take a hand in the game as is the wife of the dustman, and the theatrical star is not a bit too proud to compete with the little shop-girl for the approval of the proprietor of a sick wife and a starving family who has been telling the same tale for the last ten years.

It is the rarest thing to find a woman who has not half a dozen pet beggars of her own, to whose support she contributes at least once a week, however little she may be able to afford it, however urgent may be the needs of people about her.

That, to an ordinary man, is the viciousness of this beggar-bounty business. Day after day, week after week, these parasites, who do nothing but stand about and try to look pathetic, are collecting tens, hundreds, and thousands of pounds which, if there were more sense in the world, and especially in women, would go towards making life a little happier for people who really need and deserve assistance.

I am not saying that there are no deserving beggars. Very likely there are. But it is certain that the individual who gives away money in the street has no possible means of discovering whether or not the recipient is deserving.

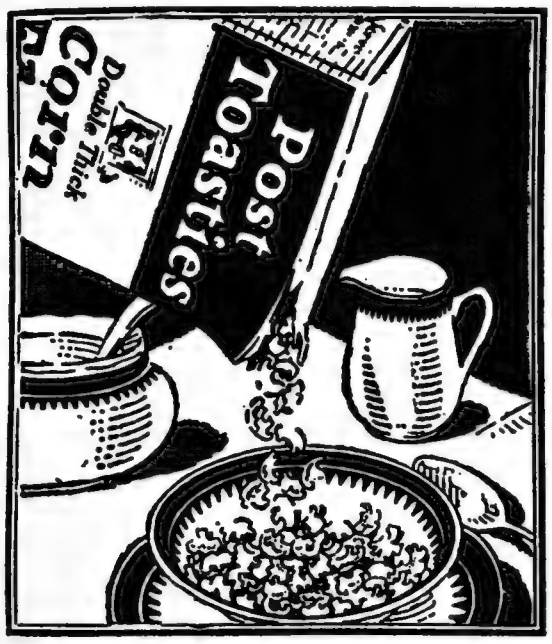
Most of us have only a little money to give away. Most of us, too, know somebody or other to whom a few shillings now and then would make all the difference in the world, or we know some organisation—such as JOHN BULL'S "Greatest of These—" Fund—which will apply every penny we can spare to the relief of the genuinely deserving.

IS it fair, is it even common honesty, that we should divert our few pence, shillings or pounds from a destination where they would certainly be beneficial to a destination which is, to put it mildly, doubtful?

But do you think you can make a woman see that? Try if you like, and if you are feeling very brave. You will earn a reputation for brutal hard-heartedness, and that is about all.

Wigwam fare for your young "Indians"

For every British boy and girl Big Chief Mondamin brings Indian Corn—food of the stalwart!



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Salesman	Norfolk	£161 : 12 : 3	£30	70/-	45175
Engineer	Surrey	£23 : 6 : 6	15/-	15/-	45179
Merchant	Surrey	£111 : 17 : 0	£3	60/-	45182
Toolmaker	Middlesex	£57 : 5 : 0	£2	40/-	45180
Teacher	Essex	£76 : 10 : 0	£5	60/-	45195
Engineer	Sussex	£28 : 15 : 0	£1	20/-	45203
Engineer	Surrey	£63 : 0 : 0	£6	34/-	45232
Stock Keeper	London	£36 : 9 : 6	£1	20/-	45233
Electrician	Middlesex	£49 : 0 : 0	£3	27/6	45234
Salesman	London	£136 : 19 : 0	£6	70/-	45251
Clerk	Bucks	£55 : 0 : 0	£3	30/-	45252
Caterer	Herts	£46 : 4 : 0	£2	25/-	45253
Assistant	London	£77 : 2 : 6	£7:2:6.	40/-	45258
Traveller	Berks	£134 : 12 : 6	£8	70/-	45264
Policeman	Surrey	£73 : 15 : 0	£2	40/-	45278

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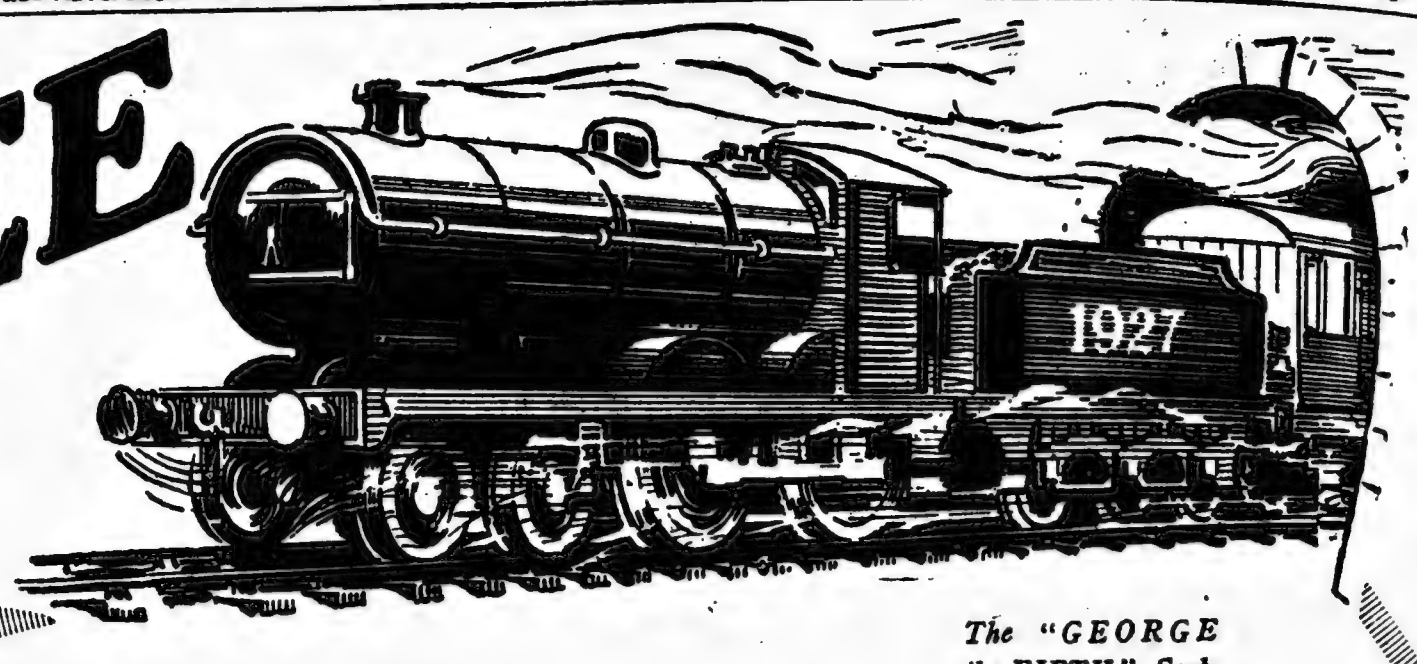

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PUBLIC CONTRACTS: GRAVE EXPOSURE

QUEER MUNICIPAL DEALINGS

Amend the Law

THERE is something radically wrong with the way in which important contracts are dealt with by Government departments, Corporations, boards of guardians and other public bodies.

Tens of thousands of public money are being expended in a manner which lends itself to all manner of abuse.

To the man of common sense it is clear that for the preservation of national and civic honour no person whose position enables him to vote on or influence in any official way the handing out of contracts should himself be one of those contracting, or a director or even a shareholder in any company doing so.

Ugly rumours

While persons doing so may be of the highest integrity and above resorting to shady tactics, such things give rise to ugly rumours and are certainly not to the benefit of the community.

It should be strictly prohibited by statute, but in the great majority of cases it is not.

In a certain provincial town the board of guardians annually spends a very considerable sum of money in the purchase of coal. Most of this is purchased from one particular firm by contract.

The shareholders of that company include many prominent local officials, including the clerk to the board of guardians and his wife and son, the last-named of whom is a director of the company.

Full of loopholes

This is obviously a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs. It is keenly resented by many of the local ratepayers, who, however, are quite powerless, as there is nothing illegal in the position.

In this instance, the matter was brought to our notice, and we took it up with the Minister of Health.

These matters are governed by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1882, a complicated piece of legislation full of exceptions and loop-holes. In reply to our query as to what the position was, the Minister of Health wrote:

"There is no section in any Act of Parliament disqualifying an official of a board of guardians from continuing to hold office in the circumstances mentioned.

"But section 6 of the Poor Relief Act, 1815, and section 51 of the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1834, prohibit, under penalty of £100, all officials of a board of guardians from providing goods for the relief of the poor, for profit, and from being interested, either directly or indirectly, in any contract for providing goods to the guardians, except in certain special circumstances. . . .

"The Minister has had an answer to your letter deferred in order that search might be made for any case in which the point had been decided by the courts, but there seems to be no decision settling it.

"You will appreciate that the Acts of Parliament quoted above impose penal consequences on the individuals affected, and that it is for the courts, not for the Minister, to construe them. He does not feel, therefore, that he ought to express any opinion of his own upon this doubtful point."

If this means anything it means that the Minister of Health is not prepared to say how far the officials

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, whose attention we here call to a grave scandal

under his jurisdiction may be interested in contracts given out by the bodies they serve.

In another provincial town there has recently been much adverse criticism of the fact that a local alderman and a number of councillors and officials are financially interested in a firm which has secured a Corporation contract running into thousands of pounds a year. Although everything is quite in order and above-board the principle is altogether wrong.

Cases like this are occurring daily up and down the country.

In a south of England town an alderman of the town council is one of the two directors of a building firm which has had a considerable amount of work from people erecting houses to live in through the aid of loans granted by the local council.

Cause of suspicion

This man sits on the council which decides who shall have the loans, and when they are granted a good number of them are paid by cheque made payable to himself as the builder.

We do not suggest that the firm is not doing the work in a straightforward manner, but we do think that any person engaged in work of this description should not be allowed to sit also on the council.

It is not only local bodies that are affected by this scandal. Far too many cases exist in which State contracts are given to firms, members of which hold appointments under the Government.

Splitting hairs

This matter was recently raised in the House of Commons and the answers given to critics by Sir S. Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, give cause for grave misgivings.

Asked whether the chief of the Civil Aviation Branch of the Air Ministry was a director of the Trinidad Friendship Petroleum Company, Limited, re-named the Venezuelan Consolidated Oilfields, and whether such an interest was allowable under the rules and policy of his Department, Sir S. Hoare replied that the answer to both questions was in the affirmative.

Later in the debate Mr. Baker recalled that on a previous occasion the Secretary for Air stated:

"Members of the Air Ministry Staff are prohibited from taking part in the management of any firm or company which would interfere with or affect detrimentally their official duties, as, for instance, by involving at any time their attendance elsewhere during office or working hours or by giving them an *active interest* in undertakings which may have contractual relations with the Ministry.

"*This is in accordance with the general practice of Government Departments.*"

It will thus be seen that although a State servant may be the virtual owner of a concern having contracts with a Government Department no offence is committed so long as he is not actively concerned with the management.

Startling statement

Mr. Baker declared that during the hearing of a certain case it transpired that two officials of the Ministry had been interested as directors of a private company and the remarkable fact was that as a result the two officers tendered their resignations, which were accepted.

Another startling statement by Sir S. Hoare was that in the case of an official who was not a permanent civil servant it would not be in accordance with the rules in a Government Department to ask such an official to resign a directorship.

The public, like ourselves, will, we think, consider it time that the rules were altered.

Neither temporary nor permanent officials in any of the great Government departments should be even remotely connected with any firm having or likely to have business relationships with that department.

Our legislators show a curious apathy in regard to what has assumed the proportions of a very grave public scandal.

All public bodies, and particularly the State, should avoid the barest possibility of being accused of graft or corruption.

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(See page 2).

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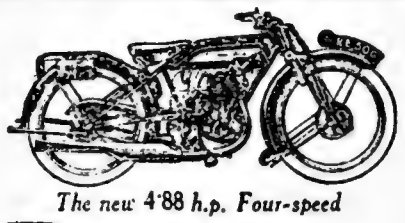

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Words Winged to Women

A BLOW FOR BONEHEADS

by **MABEL HORNER**

EQUAL citizenship stands for more than simple human justice. It is sound economics and has far-reaching financial effects from which the whole race will benefit

THE other day a man asked me about London entertainments. I recommended a well-known, high-class variety show. He went, and a few days later mentioned it with horror in his eyes. "Hadn't it been good?" I demanded with surprise, for the house is noted for its world-famed artistes.

I doubt if this particular patron had really seen them. His disgusted gaze had been concentrated on the orchestra. "Why! They had women in the band!" he exclaimed. "Now! After the war! *Doing some man out of a job, every one of 'em!*" Poor fool!

The pity is that there still are numbers like him, numbers who will keep on repeating, parrot-wise, whenever Sir Robert Newman's Bill, now past its first reading in the House, is discussed, "Woman's place is the home!"

Liberty or slavery

Well, let us admit from the start that it is. And so is man's place the home, and the children's place is the home, and the old folks' and the cripples', and the invalids' place is the home, if our country is to keep one shred of its reputation for decency and purity of life.

But all these homes need creating and supporting. And the first need of any home is financial security. Who shall earn that financial security, or in what proportion each individual member of a family shall contribute, is entirely a matter for personal decision.

Otherwise, liberty no longer exists, and the State, instead of being a free community, is reduced to slave conditions.

It was thinking of this that sent me to a meeting convened for Sir Robert Newman, M.P., and his seconder, Mr. Pethick Lawrence, M.P., to explain the proposed new Act. Both these men are poles apart in politics. Yet both stand together on the floor of the House of Commons, supported by members of every Party, sponsors for a new charter of woman's liberty.

The Married Women (Employment) Bill makes absolutely legal the married woman's right to work at her trade or profession outside her own home and receive a salary for doing it. Theoretically this was legalised by the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act, placed on the Statute Book in 1919.

Sir Robert Newman, M.P., whose Bill just introduced will remedy the injustice now possible to women workers who marry

That Act has never been set aside in the case of married women who leave their homes or their children to earn bread, say, as dish-washers, step-cleaners, charwomen, cooks, waitresses, or any other lowly job that women may do in Government or municipal offices.

But where better-paid posts are concerned it is rendered a dead letter by sex antagonism and the traditional prejudice of officialdom. One hundred and fifty local authorities have infringed this law in regard to women's employment.

Dr. Isabel Turnadge, headmistress of Twickenham Secondary School, who last summer was dismissed by the local Education Board, is a case in point.

It does not matter to the elderly boneheads who constitute the larger part of every public authority whether or not such a woman is the fittest person for the job or whether she performs it satisfactorily. Whatever her qualifications if she marries she must go.

A mean contention

Sir Robert Newman's Bill is short as it is sweet. "A woman shall not be refused employment or dismissed from employment by any Government department or local authority or other public authority on the ground only that she is married or about to be married."

And Sir Robert Newman's reason for bringing in this Bill is equally brief. Women who refuse to pay taxes are imprisoned or their goods distrained.

It is, therefore, a most monstrous thing that the very bodies they are taxed to support have the power to filch away their means of livelihood. It is tyranny and of the brutal sort.

Finally, the mean contention that every employed woman takes a job from a man is an economic fallacy. The woman who earns immediately becomes an employer of labour. Without purchasers industries die. We all employ one another. People robbed of the right to work are a real economic danger to the State. They cannot buy; they cannot be taxed.

The question of a woman staying by her home and children and never putting either into the care of others must be decided by herself. Love withholds not itself and love will make the matter safe. But at least the woman who earns must have the same liberty as the rich. Even with mother at home they hire nursemaids.

Patches for Poor Tom!

by **MAY KENDALL**

IN a few more years, it seems probable that the healing of those who are mentally afflicted, by providing them with something to do, will be an indispensable feature of the treatment of patients in all asylums—or, as they are now termed, mental hospitals.

Recently a distinguished mental specialist who had been travelling in the United States was telling me of his visit to a mental hospital there, in which it was part of the regular routine for a great proportion of the patients to spend a few hours daily in learning and pursuing different trades or handicrafts, under the guidance of skilled teachers.

The buildings set apart for this purpose were quite distinct from the mental hospital itself, and it was notable that the patients seemed to require practically no supervision save that of their instructors, who were neither nurses nor medical men, but simply experts drawn from different fields of technical training.

THE results were remarkable: patients gained steadily in health and mental balance. A wide range of occupations was covered by the treatment; but whether what especially appealed to a given individual was carpentry, printing or book-binding, it gave him an absorbing interest and took him out of himself.

America has certainly given an excellent lead, but I need hardly say that in all up-to-date mental hospitals on this side of the Atlantic the value of healthy occupation for mind and body is also fully realised.

HERE, too, though not on so large a scale, patients are systematically encouraged to employ constructively the nervous and physical energy that might otherwise prove destructive. Gardening or weaving, or even humble wood-chopping, may act as a remedial agent.

Nor are the social activities that promote a cure forgotten—games, entertainments, music and acting contribute towards the desired result.

But the message of what many doctors now call "occupation therapy," or work as the secret of health, should reach not only our hospitals, but our homes.

No doubt a man or woman may break down mentally through sheer overwork and prolonged strain. Most of us, however, recognise the existence of another danger and suspect that the mental hospital is recruited far too largely from people who have nothing particular to do.

We know that we ourselves grow morbid when we are idle too long, and that morbidity may be the first stage of acute mental disorder.

This does not refer to the many thousands, the tragedy of whose lives is simply their inability to secure the work for which they long, which means their own well-being and that of their dependents. But, perhaps even among the readers of JOHN BULL, there are people who are idle, not from necessity, but from choice.

TO them I would say emphatically: "What you need is work, and plenty of it. Fight for something; live for something; let no day of your life pass henceforth without some effort to help others in a way that will make you forget your paltry woes.

"Remember that the egotist, although he may pass muster, is never really sane. Our lives are short at best; and there is so much to be done before humanity can build up the better world for which we long. Work—and work—will be your salvation."

THE URIC ACID QUESTION

STRANGE FORMS OF RHEUMATISM.

There is probably no single subject affecting the health which has attracted so much attention in recent years as uric acid. The rapidly increasing knowledge of this insidious and dangerous substance has shown of what immediate personal concern it is to everyone to understand its vagaries and the remarkable range of disorders which result from its accumulation in the body.

This interest is fully justified because the uric acid disorders are so widely prevalent in this country. Statistics show how few men and women are wholly immune from rheumatism in some form.

THE SOURCE OF URIC ACID.

Uric acid, which is so mischievous in its consequences, is one of the natural waste products of the body. It forms partly from the worn-out portions of the tissues, and partly from certain elements of the food, but whichever source it springs from its mode of action is the same, it possesses the same properties and produces the same effects.

As for all other waste products, the system is provided with means for the destruction of uric acid, so that in early life and in good health the dangerous substance is removed before it can do any harm. Later in life, however, the organs intended for this purpose, viz., the liver and the kidneys, do not always act with complete regularity, so that a certain portion of the uric acid is left in the body; while at the same time changes in personal habits and in the nature and quantity of diet result in the introduction of an abnormal quantity of uric acid into the system. The uric acid thus retained in the body enters the circulation, and begins at once to play havoc with the health. This clogging waste matter chokes up the tiny blood vessels, causes congestion of the circulation, with resultant intense headache, feverish conditions, nervous irritability, sleeplessness and depression.

BEGINNINGS OF PAIN.

When uric acid has thoroughly saturated the blood it begins to drop out upon the tissues through which the blood circulates, and in the form of small crystals it forces its way through joints, cartilages and muscles. At first its presence causes only slight twinges of pain, felt in the muscles and joints, during damp or changeable weather, after over-exertion or fatigue of any sort. Soon these pains become more constant, and develop into rheumatism or lumbago, when the deposits of uric acid have spread over large areas of the muscles and destroyed their elasticity.

Sometimes the spread of uric acid is heralded by a numbness and tingling in the fingers, which betoken the development of one of the most acutely painful forms of the malady, neuritis. In this and its twin disorder, sciatica, sharp pin-points of uric acid pierce the nerves of the arm and thigh respectively, and it is the first and tiniest of these crystals that cause the sensation of pins and needles. This latter, however, becomes a hot stabbing and increased pain, which finally results in lameness and great muscular weakness. The irritating particles of uric acid embed themselves in the skin, where their presence sets up the intolerable irritation of that most obstinate of all skin disorders, eczema.

RHEUMATIC JOINTS.

The most familiar results of uric acid impregnation, however, are the stiff, swollen and painful joints of chronic rheumatism and rheumatic gout. These are the largest deposits of uric acid which occur in the body, and perhaps the most difficult to remove, but like all other uratic accumulations, they can be broken up and dispersed by the chemical action of that group of agents known as uric-acid solvents. Uric acid solvents furnish, in fact, the only logical and successful treatment for these ailments.

The most successful uric acid solvents are those which compose Bishop's Varalettes. That explains why for a number of years Bishop's Varalettes have been regarded as the most effective remedy and preventive for rheumatic and gouty maladies. Their mode of action in the body is so interesting that it merits a moment's description.

HOW THE REMEDY ACTS.

Bishop's Varalettes enter the circulation in solution, and are speedily carried to every portion of the anatomy. Wherever uric acid has accumulated, be it in joints, muscles, or organs, Bishop's Varalettes come into contact with it, and form a chemical combination which robs uric acid of all its dreaded properties. Under the action of Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is converted from an insoluble, pain-causing and dangerous waste product into the most harmless and easily controlled compound, which gives no more trouble in the body than the rest of the waste products.

Transformed into this condition by Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is gradually washed out of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and removed from the body. With its departure, pain and inflammation disappear, the muscles regain their elasticity and suppleness, swollen joints are reduced to normal size and flexibility, stiffness and lameness depart, and the system becomes once again free.

The return of rheumatic or gouty suffering is as easily forestalled by Bishop's Varalettes, which are the one successful method of ensuring freedom from uric acid. It must not be forgotten that this mischievous substance is forming constantly in the system, and, therefore, to prevent its accumulation and the consequent chain of painful complaints, it must be removed as rapidly as it forms. Bishop's Varalettes accomplish this removal by uniting directly with uric acid as fast as it is produced and washing it quite out of the system before it has time to make its presence felt.

In Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and well-tried remedy for rheumatic maladies. Bishop's Varalettes are the one remedy you can rely upon to give you relief and lasting freedom from rheumatic and gouty suffering. If you are subject to periodical attacks, take a course of Bishop's Varalettes and all rheumatic deposits will be dissolved from their lurking places, and washed out of your system through the kidneys.

So confident are we of the value of the Varalette treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we will refund in full the 7s. paid for a 30 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle and we will refund the money.

HOW DIETING HELPS.

Since a portion of the uric acid is introduced by food, as explained at the outset, it follows that the avoidance of food and drink rich in uric acid is important. The question of individual needs is too long and complicated a subject to discuss here, but the whole matter is set out in authoritative form in a little booklet issued free by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. In this booklet you will find a list of all the uric-acid-forming foods and beverages which must be strictly avoided, together with a wide range of permissible foods, of which the richness and variety will perhaps surprise you.

This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet and should be in the possession of all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., as a reliable guide to health. A copy will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 54, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists at 3s. and 7s., or post free from the makers, as above.—[Advt.]

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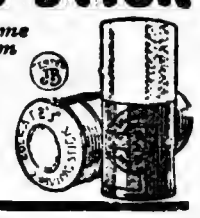

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"AS I write this my heart is aching with the realisation of the truth of the words, 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'

"When scarcely out of my teens, I married a man who I thought to be everything desirable, but I found I had made a horrible mistake. In the first week of our married life my husband came home every night the worse for drink.

"He had a good income, but he never gave me any money for housekeeping, and I had to sell my jewellery and pawn my personal belongings to provide for myself. At last he left me with a baby boy a few months old.

"I made no attempt to find him after that, but faced the situation and determined to devote myself to my child. I made my life one great sacrifice to bring him up with the advantages he would have had if his father had been a good man.

"At thirteen he showed signs of being a great scholar, so I sent him to a higher educational establishment for a few years. He turned out to be a brilliant youth and passed examinations with honours and distinctions, but during his adolescence he became quite beyond my control.

"He is now approaching manhood, but his education seems wasted. He is following in his father's footsteps. He rushes home just to snatch a hurried meal and rush out again, leaving me night after night lonely and comfortless.

"I always speak kindly to him, but he never has a pleasant word or a smile for me, and if I say anything he does not like threatens to strike me.

"His conduct is ruining my health, and I am beginning to feel afraid of him. I feel he is not worth the sacrifices I have made. I do not want him to be a mother's pet, but I do look for respect and kindly treatment."

"HUMANIST" says: *You appear to have spoilt your boy, and spoilt boys often do not realise until late in life the heartache they cause their mothers. Though the seeds of selfishness may have been sown by his father, in his own heart he is probably secretly ashamed of his treatment of you and would blush to find it known outside his home. Confide in his former schoolmaster and ask him to talk to the lad in a fatherly way so that he may be made to realise how shameful his conduct is.*

* * *

"I HAVE worked for my present employer for a number of years and have been promoted until I now hold a position just below the manager. The firm is a small one and since the war it made no profits until last year, when, largely as a result of my work, the trading was successful.

Ambition and Duty

"I cannot help knowing that the losses have been sustained through the old-fashioned methods of the manager, who fails to advance with the times.

"The owner of the business has not the time to investigate the matter in detail. He is generous towards his employees, for otherwise he would have closed down long ago, but he did not wish to throw people out of work.

"I wish you would advise me whether I should tell him that the business could be quite prosperous but for the faults in the management, which are still keeping the profits hundreds of pounds annually below what they should be.

"I should not like him to think that I am eager to turn the manager out, but at the same time I feel sure that if the business were conducted on the lines I would suggest, it would result in benefit, not only to my employer, but to all the hands engaged.

"Would I be regarded as a selfish sneak if I opened my employer's eyes to the manner in which he is being continually let down by the manager?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I think it is your duty to indicate to your employer any means whereby his business may be made more prosperous. You can carry out your duty to yourself and to him without making charges of incompetence against the manager by putting forward for consideration a constructive scheme of development. As you have indicated that your employer is considerate and even generous, you may leave it to him to deal justly with anyone who may need to be superseded.*

* * *

"A FRIEND of the family had an only daughter who was not only handsome in features, but beautiful in character. She was engaged to be married, but just about the time when we all expected to hear the banns called, she sustained an injury at her work which left her permanently disfigured.

Golden Silence

"She bore a great deal of suffering very patiently, but when she left the hospital and came home she was distressed to find that her fiancé had grown distinctly cool in his attitude, and it was not long before he broke off the engagement on some trivial pretext.

"She was forced to the conclusion that her terribly altered appearance was the cause of his affection waning, and the matter affected her health to such an extent that she went into a decline and died.

"Some time afterwards, her erstwhile lover married another girl and brought home his bride.

"She was a stranger to the town, and she has never been able to understand why she was so coldly received and why her husband is not so popular as she would like him to be among the townsfolk, who have never forgiven him for his treatment of the girl who was so popular among them.

"She naturally begins to wonder if there is anything greatly to his discredit that would account for his being given the cold shoulder everywhere.

"Would it not be kinder for someone to explain the whole matter to her rather than leave her a prey to suspicion?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Obviously the man's affection for the girl who became disfigured was not very strong, or he would not have discarded her after her misfortune, but he may love his wife very dearly nevertheless. To tell the wife the story might start dissension between them and mar her happiness.*

RE-BUILDING

HOMES that have been wrecked by misfortune may be re-built by love. If you have pity for suffering humanity in your heart and cash in your pocket, you can help in wonderful re-building schemes by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38.)

"I AM a young widow working to support my children who are in an orphanage. I have been in my present situation as a domestic servant for nearly three years.

Blood Begrudged

"Having suffered in life myself I do my best to try to ease the suffering of others, and being in sound health I registered for blood transfusion at the local hospital.

"I recently gave a pint of my blood, which I am glad to say was probably the means of saving the life of a poor woman, but I was disgusted to find that my employer insisted upon regarding the short time occupied by the operation as my weekly half-day off duty.

"That was bad enough, but it seems worse that when I attend the hospital to have the stitch removed that time is again regarded as my weekly half-day.

"I have pointed out to my employer that in this way I am prevented from visiting my children, but I am simply told that if I choose to go in for that sort of thing I must put up with the inconvenience. What do you think of such an employer?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It might be better for me to say nothing than to express my opinion of such an employer. You cannot legally claim time off duty for the purpose of a transfusion operation, but I should certainly advise you to employ any leisure you may have in looking for a situation where you will find a more humanitarian spirit prevailing.*

Without Approval

"I took an engagement ring on appro. from the jewellers where I work without asking for permission, thinking I could pay for it by instalments if it suited. My girl will not believe that I have not bought it and refuses to give it up. I am terrified that it may be missed. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Return the ring at once and ask to be allowed to purchase it by instalments; otherwise you are liable to prosecution for stealing and the girl for receiving. Surely she does not wish to stand in the dock with you instead of at the altar*

Cupboard Love

"Five years ago I was incapacitated by an accident and my wife ran away with another man, leaving me with three young children. Now that I have recovered and am again earning a good living she wishes to return to me. Should I take her back?"

"Humanist" says: *God forbid that I should counsel a man to refuse forgiveness to his wife if she is truly repentant, but a woman guilty of such heartless conduct is hardly capable of lasting affection and without mutual love there can be no happiness.*

Larn Him

"I am an unmarried mother with a baby just twelve months old. The father has paid for it up till now, but says he does not intend to continue doing so as he has learned that I cannot touch him as I did not take proceedings before the baby was a year old. Is this right?"

"Humanist" says: *No. The father will discover that a little learning is a dangerous thing. If you can prove that he has paid towards the child's maintenance during the first year of its life, you can take proceedings at any time.*

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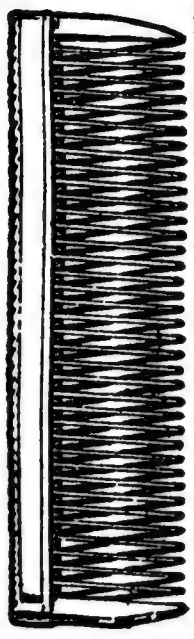

Much hair weakness and unattractiveness is due to the ordinary bone or celluloid comb you use. Often the sharp teeth tear the hair: the tugging and pulling to get the comb through the hair weakens the roots—very often the teeth are missing and the hair does not get combed at all. The use of the ordinary comb causes weak, dull, unhealthy straight hair.

Dr. MAY'S HYGIENIC WAVING COMB ends these troubles. The teeth, being continuous, can never fall out or break. Look at the illustration, see the double staggers or waves in the shiny teeth. These mean Waves for your Hair—Waves which washing or shampooing can never take out.

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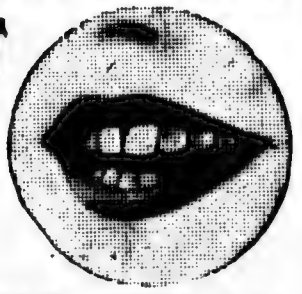

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Strict Diets Unnecessary.

It is a well-known fact that some foods have a greater tendency than others to cause indigestion, and that by limiting one's diet to certain tasteless, unappetising foods, stomach troubles can sometimes be overcome. Nine times out of ten, however, indigestion is due to excess acid and food fermentation. Instead, therefore, of going on starvation diets, stomach sufferers can eat what they like if they will only get rid of the excess acid and stop the fermentation. To do this quickly, safely, and surely, take half-a-teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia or two or three tablets in a little water right after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralizes the acid, stops the food fermentation, and heals the inflamed stomach lining. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; use as directed, and you can eat what you like without fear of pain or discomfort to follow.

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Our Letter Parliament

M.P.s in Nightcaps

A Horrible Traffic—Where the Money Goes—Silly Laws

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON'S article, "A Shrieking Silence," in JOHN BULL of April 9, should move every reader to wage war on that cancer of civilisation, landlordism. The squalid conditions arising from landlordism drove the Irish peasant to rebellion and finally obtained his emancipation. It is apparent to every social reformer that landlordism is sacrosanct to the present Government, and that vested interests are pampered, petted and protected.—*T. R. Daly, Surrey.*

Terrib'e Nightmare

The description of Mr. Littleton's home by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, brought home to me in a very vivid manner a two years' nightmare—in other words, no work for two years. At the beginning of that experience I was fairly well off in every way; at the end, practically in the gutter, or next door to the workhouse. I wish that some of our legislators had to go through the same time.—*C. W., Lytham.*

A Wise Move

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's story of the squalid misery in which an unemployed ex-Serviceman and his family are compelled to live does not make nice reading. Apparently it is hopeless to look for any attempt to remedy these intolerable conditions until some of our legislators are made to taste them, and I am sending the article to my Member so that he may learn at least what they are like.—*C., Manchester.*

Turned Down!

Some few weeks ago there came before Parliament a motion which aimed at setting up a committee representative of all Parties with power to consider, promote and assist financially schemes of public utility on a scale that would effectively absorb the unemployed army. It was turned down, and thus provides further proof of Mr. Thompson's contention that our politicians "are not genuinely seeking employment."—*J. R., Glasgow.*

Losing Hope

Your contributor's scathing indictment of the Government for its failure to deal with the unemployment problem should surely prod it into some effort to provide work for the million odd men who are gradually losing all hope. If the Minister of Labour sat for one of the areas labelled "necessitous" his department might be changed from a Ministry of Returns and Figures to a Ministry of Work.—*W. R. P., Longford.*

Spirit Crushed

In workshops to-day men are in continual fear of losing their jobs. They keep their jobs, and while doing so lose that fine spirit of independence that has made Britain great. Thankfulness for the present job is taking the place of ambition in the hearts of thousands of workers. In this way the nation's brain resources are becoming stunted and the pioneer spirit crushed.—"*Captive,*" *Newbury.*

The Coming Crash

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's striking condemnation of the Government's complacency towards unemployment portrays the glaring truth. Hours are spent discussing films, women's franchise, and trade union matters, while huge numbers of unemployed are wondering where the next meal is coming from. Land, too, lies idle, and callous politicians advise emigration. Such audacity and conditions will mean them coming to a mighty crash before long.—*Disgusted, Croydon.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

An Awful Traffic

If the League of Nations had never done anything else it has earned the gratitude of all who care for humanity by its exposure of the horrors of the traffic in women. I am sure that if JOHN BULL comes forward to raise the standard of revolt against this infamy there will be a rally of public opinion such as there has never been before.—*M. A., London.*

Winston Must Go!

When is Winston Churchill going to be shelved? In all the offices he has held he has never made a single success. He has been a failure through and through, and the country pays for his mistakes. I venture to differ from Mr. A. G. Gardiner in saying that Mr. Churchill has had bad luck. It is bad management—nay, more, it is criminal negligence and incompetence. —*A Ratepayer, Leeds.*

Suspicious Silence

There is a suspicion of silent approbation in the League of Nations' attitude to the Chinese question. It would greatly enhance the reputation of the League in the eyes of the world if it would state its opinion, or take some active steps toward bringing the whole question to arbitration, and thus prevent the loss of any more life and money.—*E. R., Chesham.*

Policy Lapse

In your industrial assurance campaign you have had a good deal to say about lapsed policies. I have lately obtained a post where I am exempt from unemployment and health insurance, having previously paid under these compulsory schemes for years. I have never had a penny benefit, yet I am informed that I get nothing for the years that I have paid in. Is this not on a par with lapsed policies?—*J. M., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"BECONTREE GUARDIAN":—"Mrs. — is a WIDOW, aged 41, and has lived APART from her husband for several years."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—"The following is the weather forecast for the next 24 YEARS."

"LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO":—"Mr. — fell several feet to the ground and FRACTURED his ankle. When picked up he presented a most woebegone appearance, but was fortunately UNINJURED."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"Shake the bottle for ten or twelve HOURS until the balsam is entirely incorporated in the water."

"MASCOT NOVELS":—"She sank down in the chair again, biting his lips."

How much do you win?

It is easy to find out by consulting the "John Bull" Racing Annual, price 3d., which contains a Starting Price Ready-Reckoner with and without Tax Deductions.

Costly Collection

Roughly one-third of every shilling taken in taxation goes to cover cost of collection, and at the present time the cost of collecting the huge sums we pay yearly is about the same as the total amount raised by taxation fifteen years ago. I think it would go far to strengthen the case for reduced taxation if it could be brought home forcibly to the taxpaper that fourpence out of every shilling he contributes represents the cost of useless bureaucrats.—*H. S., London.*

British Freedom!

My children were ill in bed and I was obliged to wait until my husband came home before I could go shopping. One night it was after seven. Seeing a pork shop open I entered and asked for a piece of pork. The assistant said she couldn't cut the pork as it was "after time"; but I could have a pound of sausage!—*D. V. H., Notts.*

Price Plunder

An examination of company results for the past year's trading reveals the astonishing fact that retailers have been able to pay much larger dividends than manufacturers. The high return on capital invested in shops and stores keeps up the cost of living and prevents the working man getting the spending power out of his wages that he should have. Either Government control of prices or direct trading between producer and consumer seems imperative.—"*Simple,*" *Derby.*

Slave Service

At a local fever hospital, nurses, young girls of twenty, are employed on night duty, covering a period of six months, that commences at 7.20 p.m. and finishes at 9 a.m. They are not allowed to sleep till after lunch at 11.30 a.m., the forenoon being "docketed" for fresh air. One night's freedom per month is granted. Day duty extends from 7.30 a.m. till 7.30 p.m., with two hours off per day, and one day per month. For this slave-service they are paid £2 8s. to £2 18s. per month.—*Philo, Fife.*

Charity Cheats

JOHN BULL'S comment on the desirability of supervision over collecting charities must appeal strongly to all. It is long past time legislation on this matter should have been strictly imposed, so that contributors may be assured their donations will be honestly dealt with. There must be complete supervision and control by a central authority.—*Dalesman, Cumberland.*

Worth Knowing

It is not generally known that the chairman of an employment exchange committee can authorise, in proper cases, the payment of travelling expenses in cash, when necessary, to claimants summoned to that committee. Further the regulation distance of five miles from home will not be insisted upon in the case of disabled men to whom locomotion is difficult.—*N. A., Aston.*

Toy Soldiers

The article by Mr. J. C. Maxwell Garnett in JOHN BULL, April 9, makes reference to children being taught the aims of the League of Nations. I think it would not be a bad idea if our toy-makers would give up making toy soldiers and sailors, and our Churches would scrap the boys' brigades. To my mind, these things make lasting impressions on young minds.—*J. L., Bolton.*

Lumbago Again!

WHY PUT UP WITH IT? Lumbago in common with urinary disorders, gravel, backache, sciatica, and rheumatism, is usually due to an excess of uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys. Early treatment with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills is essential; they strengthen and stimulate weak kidneys and, by this means, prevent and relieve kidney disorders.

"Doan's made me well"

On 4th September, 1912, Mr. T. Adams, 39, Queens Road, Bootle, said:—"For two months I lay on my back, helpless, with lumbago. The bladder was obstructed, the water showing sediment and causing a scalding pain when I sought relief.

"Then I commenced with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. In a short time, the lumbago had entirely disappeared, the water was natural, and the bladder acted properly."

On 13th January, 1927, Mr. Adams said:—"I never felt better than I do now, and I owe my good health entirely to Doan's Pills. I am always glad to recommend them. (Signed) T. Adams."

Do as Mr. Adams did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

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Ask for Bilax

IF CONSTIPATED, be sure to take a Bilax to-night. These laxative pills are the family remedy in thousands of British homes. Famous since '99.

50 *Sugar Coated Pills* 1/3.
Ask your Chemist for Bilax.

The Best Laxative

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STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

CHESTER CUP.

JUBILEE HANDICAP.

Third Poels, Singles and the Double Event close April 28.

See "Sporting Life" and "Sporting Chronicle" for Daily Results.

Send a postcard for full particulars, Rules, List of Ante-Post Poels.

THE TOTALISATOR, St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

THE 2,000 FOR MONEY MAKER?

Riddle of the Three-year-olds—Steve's Mount for the First of the Classics—The Fillies' Race—Frank Wootton to Return?

EPSOM, the rogues' course, usually salts backers heavily, but I hope there will be a different story to tell this season. Most of us can do with a little in hand for next week's Classics.

I CANNOT remember a year when the riddle of the three-year-olds has been more difficult to solve. The winner of the 2,000 Guineas can spring from Damon, Applecross, Fourth Hand, Sickle, Hot Night, Shian Mor, Call Boy—who, considering he is a 5 to 1 chance for the Derby, should be a sound favourite—and Money Maker.

THERE is also, of course, the possibility of an outsider, and I feel quite certain that Birthright, the brute who instead of racing took "Brownie" Carslake a ten-mile gallop at Newmarket recently could win if in a more chastened mood.

Lord George Dundas, trainer of Money Maker

MY only wager on the race will be Money Maker each way. Lord Dundas' horse will be the mount of Donoghue. It can be taken for granted now that "Steve" will not ride Bold Archer in the Derby; Mr. Shaw's horse is not good enough. If Money Maker finishes in the first three in the Guineas I do not think Steve will look elsewhere.

MONEY MAKER is one of Spearmint's sons, so there should be no doubt as to his stamina. As a two-year-old he won his last two races—both over seven furlongs—but he was not taking on the top-notchers. However, he has grown into a fine colt and even if he fails next week it is quite likely that he will capture the Epsom prize.

SPION KOP, in 1920, was the last Spearmint horse to win the Derby, and although his time was a fraction shorter than the record, held by Captain Cuttle, it was really better as the race then was run over a longer course. Spion Kop was not a smasher, stamina alone pulled him through.

IF the each-way bet on Money Maker shows a profit I suggest a modest bet on Love Dart for the One Thousand. This daughter of the famous stallion, Hurry On, won in a canter at the Craven Meeting over a mile and a half.

BE on the look-out for Adieu if Walter Griggs saddles the colt for the Esher Cup at Sandown Park. The son of Argos is very fast from the gate, and will stay the tiring mile. Adieu should be at a long price, but the race usually goes to one of the unquoted horses. Last year Granada did the trick at 100 to 7. Peeping Tom turned up in 1925 at 25 to 1.

ON top of the news that Frank Wootton is fed up with New South Wales and contemplates returning to England, I hear that Frank Bullock is also coming back. If Bullock can train horses in this country as well as he rode them he should do well.

I LEARNT the other day why the ex-jockey, Walter Griggs, is so successful in the early part of the season. He has a covered-in training gallop ground. When our pestiferous climate is at its worst he can keep his horses at work.

SATURN, in winning the Visitors' Handicap at Headquarters, credited Stanley Wootton with his first success of the season. One winner in three weeks is a bad beginning for the Master of Treadwell, but it will not be long before he is with the leaders. Last season Stanley captured eighty-three events, and his nearest rival was Lambton, fifty-five. I expect Stanley to start in earnest at Epsom this week.

SO many people have told me that Asterus is going to win the Royal Hunt Cup that I have my doubts. The advertised certainty seldom comes off, and I advise backers not to take short prices about M. Boussac's horse.

START II., from the Asterus stable, runs in the Two Thousand Guineas. It was hoped that it would be possible to secure a line to the current English Classic form earlier, but this was found impossible, and Newmarket will see his first appearance in this country. Whatever his fate he goes to Epsom for the Derby and afterwards for the St. Leger at Doncaster.

THE good word which I put in for Alguazil after his failure at Lincoln bore fruit when he dead-heated at 100 to 8 with Brian Water at Derby. His next race is the Chester Cup. Sam Darling suggested that he should go for this event instead of the Great Met, as he thinks the Chester course will suit the horse better than any other.

THERE is a smart son of Craig an Eran, Mon Talisman by name, in France, and his win from a good field in the Prix Juigne directs attention to the fact that he still holds the Derby liability, and is likely to meet it. He is thought a good deal of, and it would be strange if he redeemed the failure of his sire in the Epsom Classic. Craig an Eran was beaten by Humorist, Steve up. On this particular day Donoghue would have won on the first, second, or third. The race was too much for Humorist. He dropped dead from heart failure before the week was out.

BIRIBI, the French hope for the Ascot Gold Cup, has had a public outing in France. The distance was not far enough to show him at his best, but he won readily enough, and Torterolo, his trainer, thinks he showed enough to make it clear that he is likely to prove the champion four-year-old in France to-day. Coronach or no Coronach he goes to Ascot and will be backed to beat anything in the field.

I NEVER mind answering racing queries, but it should not be necessary for correspondents to send me their betting slips to work out. "The JOHN BULL Racing Annual" contains a comprehensive ready reckoner—with and without tax deductions—which will answer most of the posers. One of my Midland readers had 2s. 6d. to win Overseer—won 6 to 1—and 2s. 6d. to win Roman Eagle—won 11 to 8. Any to come, 5s. to win the same pair. Can you blame me for an attack of gripes?

WHAT does it cost to own racehorses? reaches me at least once a week. Providing one is wise it costs considerably less to back them. An owner of one horse is about £500 a year out of pocket unless he can pick up one or two useful prizes. A good trainer is essential, and he, naturally, has to be well paid. Then there is the corn bill, entrance fees, and heavy expense of travelling the horse to meetings.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle, Mid-day Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

W P V E G O 3 C S M I N U D

K T R X Z B L Q F 2 A Y H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. FUAIY2BV would read SHIAN MOR.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 20, to Tuesday, April 26.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Sunderland, Notts Forest, Bradford, Nelson, Stoke, Hibernians.

5 HOME.—Birmingham, Sunderland, Notts Forest, Doncaster, Airdrie.

4 HOME.—Tottenham, Bradford, Doncaster, Bristol C.

3 AWAY.—Burnley, Rochdale, Millwall.

3 DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Bolton, Reading v. Port Vale, Queen's Park Rangers v. Merthyr.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Notts Forest, Bradford, Nelson, Rochdale, Aberdeen.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Huddersfield, Celtic, West Ham v. Newcastle.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (Leagues I. and II.)—Birmingham, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Tottenham, Notts Forest.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 30

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Bolton, Burnley, Cardiff, Liverpool, Newcastle, Sheffield U.

ON THE TIME TEST THE SPORTING LIFE is a sure winner

THE LEADING SPORTING PAPER for OVER 70 YEARS.

2d. — Daily — 2d.

Selections

AWAY WINNERS.—Sunderland, West Ham.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Birmingham, Derby v. West Bromwich.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford C., Clapton O., Hull, Middlesbrough, Notts Co., Port Vale, Wolverhampton.

AWAY WINNER.—Portsmouth.

DRAWS.—Chelsea v. Manchester C., Southampton v. Notts Forest.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS. — Accrington, Barrow, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Stockport, Tranmere.

AWAY WINNERS.—Barrow, Chesterfield.

DRAWS.—Crewe v. Wrexham, Rochdale v. Nelson.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS. — Brentford, Brighton, Bristol R., Exeter, Luton, Merthyr, Millwall, Swindon.

AWAY WINNER.—Plymouth.

DRAWS. — Northampton v. Aberdare, Southend v. Bristol C.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Dundee, Hearts, Morton, Glasgow Rangers, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Airdrie, Falkirk.

DRAW.—Aberdeen v. Motherwell.

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Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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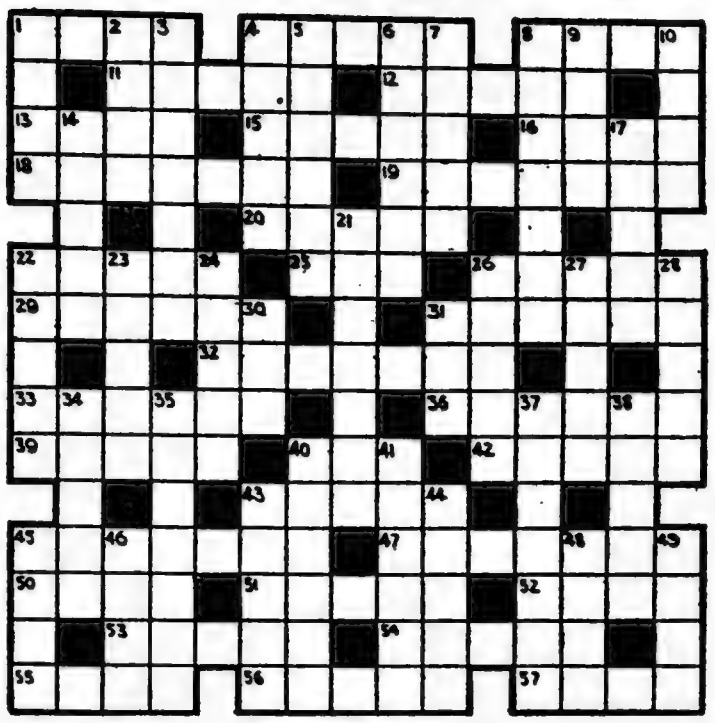

CLUES ACROSS

1. Volition.
4. Rapid.
8. Slight quarrel.
11. Bird of prey
12. In front.
13. Native of Finland.
15. Centre gangway.
16. A drug.
18. London suburb.
19. Three of a kind.
20. A trio.
22. A thread.
25. A sailor.
26. Arab's name of God.
29. Gained.
31. Hard.
32. Pertaining to the beak.
33. The breath of life.
36. A splendid residence.
39. The tenth part.
40. Part of a circle.
42. Reception room.
43. Indian province.
45. A Welsh county.
47. American wild horse.
50. A notion.
51. Senior.
52. Overt.
53. Place of contest.
54 Lift up.
55. To control.
56. Test.
57. Way out.

CLUES DOWN

1. To float.
2. Kind of cotton gauze.
3. Lighting appliance.
4. To incline.
5. Heaviness.
6. Hesitate.
7. In that place.
8. Young of the frog.
9. An image.
10. Peevishness.
14. Group of Greek islands.
17. Incurring punishment.
21. Roof beams.
22. A banquet.
23. Rumour.
24. Weird.
26. Collection of maps.
27. Lawful.
28. The god of marriage.
30. Small mark
31. To undermine.
34. Heaped.
35. Medicinal vegetable.
37. Sugar of milk.
38. Name of four English rivers.
40. Hewn stone.
41. A council chamber.
43. Middleman.
44. Pertaining to walls
45. Flat circular plate.
46. Close by.
48. Highest point.
49. Stinging insect.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

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You can eat your hat if you cannot laugh at the jokes in "The Passing Show," Britain's Brightest Weekly. Every Friday. Twopence.

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT will interest YOU IF YOU ARE ILL

HERE'S a message—if you're ill. It tells you of a sure way to relieve quickly, Sleeplessness—Rheumatism—Nerve Pains — Headaches — Feverishness — Colds — Influenza, etc. ASPRO is the medicine tablets that do it. What's more, it does it NOW—not next week.

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"Bullets" Prize-winners

(*Continued from page 4.*)

Ophir Gdns., Belfast; H. Stretton, Poole, 8th Milford Yorks.; C. Spires, 100, Bramley Rd., London, W.; F. Spruce, 6, Mill Terr., Hr. Bebington; Miss Sykes, 9, Haigh St., Greetland; A. Taylor, 36, Winifred borough; B. Thomas, Cosy Cafe, Maesycwmmer; A. Thurbon, 31, Birkbeck Mans., Hornsey; H. Tree, 22, Essex Rd., Enfield; E. Turton, 7, Frederick St., Goldthorpe, Rotherham; Miss Tyson, 12, The Knoll, Thornhill, Egremont, Cumb'l'd.; Miss Unsworth, 138, Windleshaw Rd., St. Helens; J. Vandersteen, 46, Sutherland Rd., E.; G. Walker, 59, Newcombe Rd., Earlsdon, Coventry; H. Warden, 44, Newton Rd., Heaton, Newcastle; F. Waters, 3, Landport Villas, Sidmouth; W. West, 4, Vale Rd., Tonbridge; Mrs. Wight, 23, Granby Terr., Headingley; M. Wilkins, Coombe Hill, Cheltenham; Mrs. Williams, 53a, Johnson St., Ponkey; G. Williams, Rose Cottage, 1st Lukes Av., Ramsgate; J. Williams, Kinnersley House, Belle Vue Rd., Shrewsbury; Mrs. Wilson, 92, Knowles Hill Rd., Dewsbury; Mrs. Wilson, 395, Sunderland Rd., Gateshead; Mrs. Wilton, 61, Marlborough Rd., Gillingham; Mrs. Wink, 2, Married Qrts., Flowerdown Camp; R. Winstanley, Daisy Hill, Euxton, Lancs.; A. Wood, 18, Albert Rd., Brighton; A. Wood, 19, Cold Hatton, Salop; C. Wood, 1, Melton Rd., Asfordby Hill; D. Wren, School House, Loweswater; W. Young, 15, William St., Woolwich; Mrs. Yulll, "Bradgate," Bearsden.

List of 100 Prize-winners of £1 in Competition No. 632 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash Prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £3, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 635 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 636.

EAST AND WEST	WITH REGRET
GOING CHEAP	WHEN FLAPPERS VOTE
THE LAND	LAUGHED AT
HER AIM	WHAT SHE MEANT
AT ALL TIMES	WITHOUT PETROL
GIRL TO AVOID	NO TIME
WORTH WATCHING	WITH OUR MONEY
NO DISGRACE	FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
KEPT IN THE DARK	WRONG ONE
WHAT SHE WAS PROMISED	WHAT IS EDUCATION?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 5.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **636** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **636**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. **635.**

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Coatfrocks, two-piece Suits, and Summer Coats in all the latest fashions and popular colours on easy terms from 4/- monthly. Extraordinary value on very convenient terms privately by post. Write for FREE sample pieces of cloth and booklet of fashions and full particulars. Send a post card to-day.

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Venereal Disease, if neglected for even a short time, may develop serious complications, prevent any hope of marriage, and finally ruin health and happiness for life. If there has been any risk of infection, lose no time before getting reliable medical advice. The earlier the treatment the earlier and more complete the cure.

Consult your own doctor, or get free advice and (if necessary) treatment under conditions of secrecy, at the Out-Patients' Department of a Hospital, or a Maternity Centre.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James' Park Stn.), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for six useful Booklets for Parents, 1/5 the Set. Four useful Booklets for Girls, 9d. the Set. Six useful Booklets for Young Men, 1/4 the Set. All post free, in plain cover.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

E. T. (Bradford).—"True lovers are few." Yes, but not very far between.

A. B. (Christchurch).—"You can't make a fool of me." No, it's too late.

J. L. (Glasgow).—"I am what I am." You have our sympathy.

R. F. (Bognor).—"I have made my own wireless set." Never mind, some of the programmes are not worth listening to.

GUS (Hampstead).—"I saw a play last night that set me thinking." A miracle play, we suppose.

A. Y. (Hislop).—"I made a hit with a saxophone on the stage." That's the best way to treat the saxophone.

T. N. (Harrow).—"I was determined to write to you this week anyhow." You certainly have written anyhow.

F. B. (Dover).—"The shingle will go out of fashion." You think hair won't be short long.

L. S. (Newark).—"I come of very brainy parents." You shake our belief in heredity.

A. P. (Griswold).—"Do you want a fresh office boy?" No. Ours is too fresh as it is.

R. P. (Doncaster).—"We must beat America at the food-preserving business." We will if we can.

T. A. (Birfield).—"My sweetheart is very feminine." You're lucky. There are few old-fashioned girls these days.

G. M. (Moorgate).—"I'm going to give you a bit of my mind." Judging by your letter, you haven't got much to spare.

L. A. (Mansfield).—"I get my wife to read all the letters I write to you." Marriage has its hardships.

P. G. (Devizes).—"I told the income-tax official to mind his own business." But your business is his business.

F. M. (London, N.).—"I raised some money from my aunt in the country." Another method is to raise it from your uncle in the city.

MISS O. (Brentwood).—"My dog is most firmly attached to me." Can't you train him to be satisfied with one bite and let go?

M. P. (Shoreditch).—"When I dream I am trying to write a letter and can't what does it mean?" That you've more sense asleep than awake.

MINNIE (Finchley).—"A man who stares hard at a girl should be hit." But the mere fact of staring hard shows he is already struck.

FRED (Hitchin).—"During spring cleaning my wife clears out as much rubbish as possible." And do you clear out as much as possible, too?

R. N. (Oxford).—"Our parrot is very quick at learning new words." Be careful not to open your income-tax papers in the bird's presence.

C. L. (Mortlake).—"I was left some money and bought an expensive motor-car but had an accident and ruined it completely." A case of cash, splash, rash, smash.

F. M. (Sidcup).—"Dancers can obtain hints from the Zoo." The Charleston fiends who insist on extemporising on the middle of the floor probably go to the Zoo to learn how to act the goat.

C. K. O. (Paignton).—"She is pretty and she is good." Pretty good.

O. W. O. (Lincoln).—"Can you ride bare-backed?" Yes, but we think it's better form to wear a shirt.

A. V. (Highgate).—"His wife had her face lifted for £20." Did it make his face fall?

F. D. S. (Preston).—"I could write like this for ever." But surely you have a little ambition?"

G. H. (Hammersmith).—"A bit of jazz keeps things lively." And takes the rest even out of restaurants.

L. N. (Acton).—"All things come to him who waits." But the fellow who goes after them gets the pick.

C. T. (Feltwell).—"I tried to sing the baby to sleep." If we'd been baby we'd have pretended—hard.

G. A. B. (Tilbury).—"I have written a poem on Westminster Abbey." Hadn't you any paper?

D. A. S. (Llanelly).—"Her father cut her off with a shilling." A bobbed heiress!

C. J. F. (Derby).—"I can't see anything amusing in performing fleas." Yet the little fellows are famous for their biting humour.

E. D. (Manchester).—"Why this fuss about the servant problem? Ours are all right." Lucky beggar—ours are all left.

MRS. L. (Milthorpe).—"There's a man here, if I liked to name him, who has one wife too many." And we'll wager he's no bigamist for all that.

J. H. (Falkirk).—"I see life as being constantly full of trials." Which is all right if we could only get a few more convictions.

MISS J. (Willesden).—"Writing for the Press must be very thankless work." Not in this office. All our rejects are returned with thanks.

E. B. L. (Birmingham).—"A man might do worse than marry his landlady." We doubt even then if he'll get his money back.

G. H. (Nottingham).—"They tell me the nearest picture house is a horrid, stuffy hole." Why don't they introduce some good movie fans?

MISS F. (Manchester).—"I often sit at the open window, with my writing materials before me, spellbound." Why not use a dictionary?

MRS. P. (Dorney Common).—"I think there can be no ailment left which I have not suffered." Why not try writer's cramp?

F. N. (Partick).—"What course should you advise me to adopt to raise money quickly and surely?" Not the race-course.

E. K. (Morecambe).—"My landlady keeps the looking-glass so dusty I can't see my face in it." You ought to be thankful.

WAS your Easter holiday marred by some haunting trouble that seemed to defy solution? Then don't let it harass you any longer. Get pen and ink, send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, and JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service will do the trick.*

* * *

G. G. (Buxton).—"Summer dresses will soon be here." They won't be long.

F. G. (Morecambe).—"There are few born leaders of men." Except women.

A. M. (Rotherham).—"I work with my head." Got a soft job?

D. E. R. (Gorton).—"Why she won't marry me I can't think." Probably that's just why.

T. R. (Margate).—"A well-dressed man owes a lot to his tailor." It depends on the tailor.

A. P. (Hailsham).—"My neighbour is a finished player on the saxophone." Who murdered him?

T. R. T. (Watford).—"Can a man love a woman he's known only a week?" Maybe that's why he loves you.

MRS. D. S. (Walsall).—"I believe in labour-saving devices." Such as a husband who turns the mangle.

JANE (Salisbury).—"I simply must have some more clothes." Have you been warned by the police?

D. M. (Hackney).—"Kippers are too expensive." And sometimes they are not only high in price.

P. N. (Ely).—"I was the leading singer of the concert party." Did the crowd catch the others?

G. F. (Halifax).—"My wife is always threatening to leave me." Win her a Lady's Week-end Case in *Bullets* this week and hope for the best.

V. N. B. (Eastville).—"He was offered thousands to take his jazz band to America." Are the English so sick of him as all that?

MRS. T. (Totnes).—"What has become of the red herrings we used to see in fishmongers' shops?" Politicians have been busy buying them up lately.

N. O. (London).—"My wife and I went to the Zoo, and I lost her." We almost fear to print this lest other husbands follow suit.

MARJORIE F. (West Drayton).—"In spite of my instructions, my dressmaker made my new skirt fully two inches longer than the last." She *has* let you down!

T. B. (Addiscombe).—"He actually came in to borrow money this morning while I was still in my bath." Did you tell him you preferred one sponge at a time?

J. H. (Lewisham).—"I only taught my wife chess a month ago, and the other evening she beat me." It isn't every hubby who finds himself so successfully mated.

F. M. V. (Harrow).—"He attended a sale and bought a motor-car for £15." We shouldn't have thought it would have gone at that price.

S. V. (Mayfair).—"On visiting a certain London club recently I found a well-acted play in progress." It is just possible that this idea may be extended to the theatres.

B. T. (Dudley).—"I have stayed at an hotel which charges £8 a day." How long did you stay? Just long enough to find that out?

F. M. C. (Penge).—"A wireless set has been made in a tea-cup." This is the cup that cheers when a football match is being broadcast.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

HERBAL PILLS v. MINERAL SALTS

A 30 Years' Favourite Remedy

THE popularity of Bile Beans, the well-known family medicine, has been maintained for 30 years. Many people who have got tired of the debilitating effects of salts and other mineral aperients have come back to Bile Beans. In this old-established and proved medicine they have found increased satisfaction on account of its laxative-tonic action.

Notwithstanding their thorough action, Bile Beans have a peculiar gentleness owing to their vegetable origin. These vegetable extracts act directly upon the liver and bowels and do so without setting up any untoward symptom, any griping, or debilitating effect.

Bile Beans are unsurpassed for bilious attacks, indigestion, flatulence, headache, anæmia, "Spring blood" impurities, constipation, piles and debility. Bile Beans are obtainable of all chemists. In sealed boxes, 1/3 and 3/-. Never sold loose.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TEST! Every reader mentioning "John Bull," 23/4/27, can obtain FREE a handy sample box by sending name and address to Bile Beans, Leeds.

ROUGH SKIN

Where's the Germolene?

Every home needs this wonder-working Aseptic Dressing. A cut or scratch to-day—a burn to-morrow—these need attention as well as the serious skin troubles (eczema, ulcers, etc.) for which Germolene is famous. Try it for Rough Skin, Blackheads, etc., as directed in the Treatments Booklet with each tin. People who were almost in despair now have clear, healthy skins, thanks to Germolene.

Germolene
The new-day Aseptic Skin Dressing

1/3 per tin from all Chemists.

The Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd. Manchester.

Secrets I Know About Medicines.

Successful Treatment is both Physical and Mental.

PHYSICAL TREATMENT attacks the disorder simultaneously at every point—internal, external, diet, habits, etc. **MENTAL TREATMENT** inspires confidence, gives the reasons, names the drugs and their properties.

These are the secrets to which the Shadforth Prescription Service owes its success.

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW

SEND FOR SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT AT PRICES NAMED.

Cash on Delivery Fee paid on all orders of 10/- and upwards.

Nerve Weakness,

NEURASTHENIA, HEART PALPITATION, BREAKDOWN.

THE SHADFORTH "DOUBLE DUPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 470/DD)

comprises:

(1) Phosphorus Brain and Nerve Tonic Tablet. *Phosphorus, Nux Vomica, Damiana, Lecithin.* To be taken for three or four days, followed by—

(2) Heart and Nerve Tonic Pills. *Digitalis, Nux Vomica, Dandelion, Gentian,* for three or four days. Keep repeating (1) and (2) alternately in this way, each for three or four days.

(3) Long Life Malted Cocoa and Nerve Food. (a) Always with supper. (b) With breakfast in preference to tea and coffee. (c) At intervals during the day.

(4) Night and morning douche face, head and chest with Pyncalyptus Bath Salts in water.

Eight days Trial Course, **5/3**. Sixteen days Full Course, **9/-**. Thirty-two days Double Course, **16/9**.

Acidity, Gastritis,

INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" HYPER-ACIDITY, INDIGESTION AND GASTRITIS TREATMENT (No. 227/DA)

comprises:

(1) Non-purgative Antacid Carminative Tablets. *Bismuth, Soda, Magnesia, etc.,* to be taken before meals.

(2) Non-purgative Digestive Juice Pills. *Pepsin, Pancreatine, Diastase, Ox Gall, etc.,* to be taken after meals.

(3) "Extra" Digestive Acid. *Dilute Phosphoric and Nitro Hydrochloric Acids,* to be taken after meals.

9 days Trial Course **9/9**. 24 days Full Course costs **25/-**

Cold in the Nose,

INFLUENZA COLD, NASAL CATARRH.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 331/T)

comprises:

(1) Nose and Mouth Wash Antiseptic Tablets. *Phenol, Soda, Thymol, etc.*

(2) Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh Pills. *Paregoric, Tar, Pine, Liquorice, etc.*

(3) Anti-Catarrh (Dr. Ferrier's) Snuff.

Worth Pounds—often saves a big doctor's bill and a couple of weeks off work.

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, COLD on the CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this treatment, and dwell long in the land of the living. Ordinary Course, **4/6**. Double Course, **8/6**. Three times quantities, **12/6**.

Gout, Rheumatism

SCIATICA, ARTHRITIS.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 74/T)

comprises:

(1) A pill which drives out the uric acid. *Colchicum, Hyoscyamus, Blue Pill, etc.*

(2) A tablet which kills pain and reduces inflammation. *Aspirin, Phenacetin, etc.*

(3) A Rubefacient which stimulates the flow of blood and disperses the pain. *Mustard, Wintergreen, etc.*

This treatment is excellent for Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica, Backache, Lumbago, and similar pains.

Trial Course **5/6**. Full Course **10/6**. Double Course **20/-**.

Neverill Old Salts

(Prescription 565K)

The best Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Fevers, &c.

1 lb. tin price **2/6** post free.

Anæmia, Pallor, Languor, Bloodlessness

(Prescription 365)

Useful for Anæmic Brainworkers either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Alvin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.

With directions. Price **2/-** (72), and **3/6** (144 pills).

Complexion Troubles,

ACNE, PIMPLES, BOILS, SPOTS, Etc.

THE SUCCESSFUL SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 442/T)

comprises:

(1) Tablets. A Blood Purifying and Skin Tonic composed of *Calcium Sulphide, Charcoal, Iron Sulphate, Nux Vomica and Gentian* in suitable proportions.

(2) Soap. A special 10 per cent. Milk of Sulphur Soap, delicately perfumed, for washing the Skin and improving the complexion.

(3) Lotion. An Astringent Lotion which tones up, heals, and removes Blemishes from the Skin. Composed of *Zinc Oxide, Calamine, Rose Water, etc.*

Trial Course **6/-**. Full Course **17/-**.

Hæmorrhoidal Troubles,

or PILES (BLEEDING or BLIND)

THE SUCCESSFUL SHADFORTH "DOUBLE DUPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 394/DD)

comprises:

(1) A Soothing and Astringent Ointment. *Suprarenal Gland, Lanolin, Paraffin, etc.*

(2) Stimulant, Soothing and Tonic Suppositories. *Bismuth Iodo-Gallate, Resorcin, Zinc Oxide, etc.*

(3) Tonic Laxative Pills. *Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, Gentian.*

(4) Tonic Antiseptic Bath Salts. *Soda, Borax, Pine, Eucalyptus, etc.*

Trial Course, **7/9**. Full Course, **14/9**.

Wrinkles on the Face,

BRITTLE SKIN AND NAILS.

THE SUCCESSFUL SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 929/T)

comprises:

(1) Wrinkle Cream made with *Almonds, Benzoin, etc.*

(2) Anti-Wrinkle and Brittle Skin Tablets, made with *Potassium Salts.*

(3) Benzoin Wrinkle Soap.

Trial Course **5/3**. Full Course **15/-**.

Arterio-Sclerosis,

Blood Pressure Breakdowns Unnecessary.

Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries possible for middle-aged. Simple home treatment. Tension promptly reduced. Danger immediately avoided. Permanent restoration and cure.

THE SHADFORTH SUCCESSFUL "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 1106/T)

comprises:

(1) Artery Renewing Tablets. *Soda Salts with Magnesia Phosphate and Calcium Glycerophosphate,* taken for about 2 weeks and followed by—

(2) Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets. *Potassium Salts and Soda Nitrite,* taken for about 2 weeks.

(3) Neverill Oil Salts. A good laxative dose twice or thrice weekly before breakfast.

Trial Course (1 month) **5/6**. Full Course (3 months) **15/6**.

Loss of Weight,

THINNESS, SCRAGGINESS.

Thinness is never desirable. In the first place our personal charms and attractions are gone when we are thin and scraggy; in the second place insurance companies will not readily insure us—this means that thin people are more "risky" lives.

THE SHADFORTH SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR THINNESS (No. 562/T)

comprises:

(1) Nerve and Flesh-forming Tablets. *Hyphophosphite, Lecithin, etc.,* to be taken with meals.

(2) A Skin Nourishing Cream. *Lanolin, Almond Oil, Benzoated Lard, etc.,* for massage purposes.

(3) Long Life Nourishing Malted Food. *Malted Milk Fat, Lecithin, Glycerophosphates.*

Trial Course **6/-**. Full Course **11/-**.

Any chemist can obtain these medicines for you; or you can have them post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

63 (Dept. J.B. 19), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

City Branch—49, King William Street, E.C.4., also at 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17.

"The Greatest of These . . . . "

Heroic Mothers

Rebuilding Homes Wrecked by Misfortune

SOME wonderful examples of the sacrifices made for the sake of their children by women in adversity reach us week by week.

There is a woman in the Midlands, for instance, whose conduct surely may be called heroic. Some time ago she was deserted by her husband. There were four children, the youngest a nine-months-old baby. The two eldest were placed in a home and when the mother applied for relief the guardians took the two youngest into the workhouse.

Thus the poor soul found herself not only deserted by the man who should have supported her, but deprived of the consolation which baby arms about her neck would have brought her.

But she did not repine. Her mother-love impelled her to struggle against these tremendous odds and to endeavour by her own unaided efforts to rebuild the home that had been ruined and laid desolate.

She obtained work. The pay was very little, just enough to keep body and soul together, but it proved the foundation on which she could start to rebuild.

Her husband was traced and sent to prison, but when he was released the knowledge of the way in which his wife was toiling in the hope of having her children with her once more brought him to a sense of his shortcomings.

THE wife decided to take him back, but on the eve of his return to her a fresh misfortune befell—he was taken seriously ill and for a long time lay between life and death in a hospital.

Still the heroic mother struggled on and at last has come within sight of her reward. Her husband and the two youngest children are once more with her.

Yet much is needed to complete her happiness, for the husband being still unable to work and without pension or unemployment benefit, they are desperately poor.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund helps such heroic women to rebuild their homes. Help in this labour of love by sending the most generous subscription you can afford, every penny of which will be expended in actual relief.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. S. (East Ham), 5s.; For a Poor Mother's Baby, 3s.; Grateful Mother, 2s. 6d.; N. Williams, 3s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Twelve Months' Bride, 5s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; S. R., 1s.; Vincent F. Mackness, 10s. 6d.; W. L. B. (King's Norton), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; E. P. (Fleetwood), 1s.; A Working Man's Wife, 2s. 6d.; Bulleteer (Leeds), 6d.; Mrs. Baker and Children, 1s.; Hopeful, 2s. 6d.; E. and G. Wormley, 2s. 6d.; O. B., 2s. 6d.; Minby (Leeds), 5s.; Anon. (Nottingham), 1s.; In Memory of Mother (C. A. C., Birkenhead), 2s.; L. H., 6d.; Anon., 2s.; R. W. (Hartlepool), 2s.; E. C. (Paignton), 2s. 6d.; Helping Hand (Duktafield), 2s.; His Sister, 7s. 6d.; T. Gordon Tee (Lancing), 10s.; J. H. P., 5s.; Dum Spiro Spero (Wheatley Hill), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Hearts, 1s.; P. B. (24th Ninth), 1s.; B. H. (Aldershot), 10s.; P. C. P. (One Ninth), 1s. 6d.; Orkney, 3s.; W. H. Giles (Liverpool), 6d.; S. U., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. G. Foden, 10s.; Mrs. Greenaway (Rock Beare), 1s.; Swindon, 1s.; One Ninth, M. C., 4s. 10d.; Mr. Arthur (Glasgow), 3s.; Grateful, 6d.; Bolton, 1s.; Rudheath, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. Carter, 2s.; W. Lockhart, 1s.; Baby, 6d.; Mr. W. H. Tolley (Stourport), 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Aitchison, 5s.; R. C. (Camden Town), 2s. 6d.; Boy Blue (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Robert H. R. (Blackburn), 1s.; Mr. Joseph Beck (Bootle), 1s.; R. Ashford (Worth Having), 1s.; Anon. Tendoga Rail (S. Africa), 3s. 6d.; Emily (Finsbury Park), 10s.; Anon. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; Ex-Sgt. John Moyle (Frosterley), £1 6s.; Best Wishes, 2s.; W. Whitehouse (Tipton), 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; An Old Hard-up, 2s.; J. Ross (A Helping Hand), 3s.; E. Perry, 3d.; A Mother of Three, 6d.; A. R. (Poor Box), 6d.; Anon. (Stockport), 6d.; Anon. (Briefield, nr. Burnley), 6d.; Brownie and Tinie Exeter, 6d.; A Regular Reader, 2s. 6d.; BM/Bo5il, 5s.; Miss E. Pattersole, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Bouchard (Crawley), 1s.; Ldg Stg. J. O. Jones (Calcara, Malta), 2s. 6d.; Derry Reader, 2s. 6d.; Stockportian, 4d.; Workington, 1s.; W. J. Roberts (Dursley), 2s. 6d.

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Parcels of clothing gratefully acknowledged from Wellwisher (Harlegrove), Miss Newhouse (Chatham), Miss J. Charlton (Bournemouth), Purple (Reading), A. E. Collett (Crowthorne), Mrs. Hanwick (Mortlake).

Mr. Inman begs to acknowledge with grateful thanks the following anonymous donations:—"Anon.," 1s. 6d.; "Bromley (Kent)," 1s., £2; "Mrs. Jack (Derby)," 9d. stamps; "Exonian."

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Result of Competition No. 632

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. F. G. MARKHAM, Claypits, Goodnestone, Canterbury.

Example:—The Slums
Bullet:—Owners "Run" Without "Entering."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. G. SILK, 4, Fleming Street, Riccarton, Kilmarnock.
Example:—Voice Of The People
Bullet:—Quiet—Government's Best Applause.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. G. SHAW, 169, Trinity Street, Huddersfield.
Example:—Love And Money
Bullet:—Beautiful Thing—Beautiful Things.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. MOORE, 83, Shaftesbury Avenue, Southampton.
Example:—At The Next Election
Bullet:—Remember Slums Also "Standing."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. BAILEY, 22, Council Houses, Ship Lane, Sutton-at-Hone, Kent.
Example: At The Next Election
Bullet:—"Window-dressing"—"Selling" Comes After.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. J. Davies, "Hardwicke," Lan Park, Pontypridd.
The British Way—Hand *after* Fist.
J. Evans, 46, Severn Street, Shrewsbury.
Peace Dove—*Bird* That Silences *Gun*.
N. Hamilton, 23, Coverdale Rd., Millhouses, Sheffield.
The Slums—Where "Pack" Follows Prince.
W. Lister, Brooke House, Southery, Norfolk.
False Move—"Bunk" That *Prevents* Sleeping.
H. Morris, Post Office Buildings, South Queensferry, N.B.
Behind His Back—"Every Man Expects—England."
W. Mount, 43, Crayford Rd., Crayford, Kent.
The Slums—"Blinds Down" Because *Sunless*.
H. Nayler, 95, Humber Rd., London, S.E.
If Tobacco Were Prohibited—*Shares* "Ten For Sixpence."
Mrs. G. Oldfield, The Wroe, Emneth, Wisbech.
I'm Afraid—*Wholesalers* Don't Care.
A. Rogers, 113, Walton Rd., Woking.
The British Way—Grousing—Till Things Bad.
C. H. Spencer, 57, Somerville Rd., New Cross, S.E.
The Spring—Moscow—The Works, China.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. Balmford, 32, Row St., Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.
Fruits Of Labour—Now Tempting Modern Eve.
A. S. Davison, 23, Chestnut St., Ashington, Northumberland.
Mother Knows—"Lambs" Have "Little Marys."
D. Griff, 22, Goldsmith Mansions, Peckham.
Peace Dove—Settling—Trade's "Flood" Rising.
F. R. Higgins, 171, Victoria Rd., Kilburn, N.W.
Gratefully—Wages Received, Boss Suspicious.
J. Kirkup, 302, Iffley Rd., Oxford.
If Tobacco Were Prohibited—Chancellor "Without Packet" Too.
R. Laws, 20, Orchard St., Dewsbury, Yorks.
When Nature Awakes—"Green Envelope," Official Notification.
Mrs. M. J. Lyons, 33, Churnet St., Collyhurst, Manchester.
Peace Dove—Another "Flying Mishap" Apparently.
J. McCarty, 66, Freer Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
The British Way—Empire Building—House Shortage.
A. C. Ponsford, 75, Herrick Rd., Saltley, Birmingham.
Peace Dove—Geneva's "Ark"—Disarmament's "Rainbow."
L. L. Tyson, 17, Shakleton Rd., Coventry.
Voice Of The People—No Mistaking, Hence Misgiving.

(Continued on page 4)

Last "Bullets" Gifts!

ALL good things come to an end, and our offers of *Bullets* Gifts are nearly over.

By next week we shall have offered 1,200 of these splendid prizes. Then *Bullets* Gifts must give place to other attractions. This week's contest may bring you a First Prize of £250 or put you in the final lists of *Bullets* Gift winners. Be quick or you may miss your opportunity of winning one of *Bullets* most popular prizes!

HUGE "BULLETS" PRIZE COMING!!

LAST TWO WEEKS OF "BULLETS" GIFTS!

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 635

WINSTON'S MISTAKE
LIFE'S SUNSHINE
BEFORE THEY MET
POOR SHOW
TOO MUCH WORK
FIRST WEEK
WHAT SHE DIDN'T SAY
BLUSHING
RACE FOR SUCCESS
WICKED WORLD
WHAT THE GARDENER SAID
CAREFULLY
HEARD IN THE TAXI
MY HOBBY
STILL IN LOVE
ENJOYING HERSELF
SAID TO THE PARSON
CHEERFUL IDIOT
LIKE OLD TIMES
FADED FLOWER
VOICE OF CONSCIENCE
WITH RELIEF
THE WRONG GIRL
A SAXOPHONE
IF I WERE PRINCE
HER PARADISE
THE SOCIAL LADDER
AN ASSET
NONSENSE
OLD MAID
A GOOD THING
WHAT IS A RACE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—Bad Boy — *Bullet*:—"Gets It" From Father.
Example:—Wireless Programme — *Bullet*:—*World* To The *Blind*.
Example:—Wrong Way — *Bullet*:—About—Armaments Reducing Nations.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 635, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(635) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(635) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ "Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(635) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(635) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

IRVING'S YEAST VITE TONIC TABLETS

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the century: Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve :—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. .. .. in 5 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression in 10 to 15 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence.. .. in 5 to 10 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever .. .. .. in 24 hours

Read what users say—

28019—E. W. H., Charterhouse: I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite Tablets in cases of great depression, anxiety or worry. Without a doubt, they are wonderful pick-me-ups.

28010—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the above extracts from unsolicited testimonials are no genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than 5 years which are open to inspection.

CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

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For INDIGESTION I took CICFA

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"Now I eat whatever I desire. I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which relieves others may not suit **your** case, because **you think yours is different**—and your symptoms may be different—but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is a shortage of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments one person suffers with Acidity, Heartburn, Wind-rising, that Feeling of Fullness, White-Coated tongue, Headache, Bad Complexion, Flushed Face, etc.; while another suffers from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, and Constipation, with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, they can be removed ONLY by a remedy which supplies NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

In CICFA you have such a remedy; one in which those Ferments are active, so that digestion is restored in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa relieved him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ THE TESTIMONIAL.

Tufnell Park, N.

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Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

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